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Michael Novak on
iberation Theology
—See page 37

NATIONAL REVIEW

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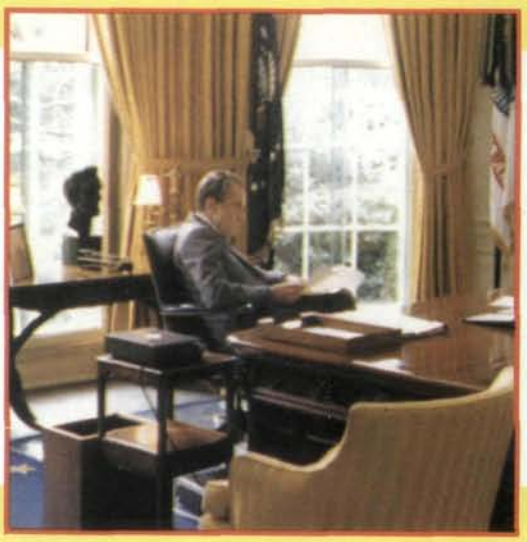

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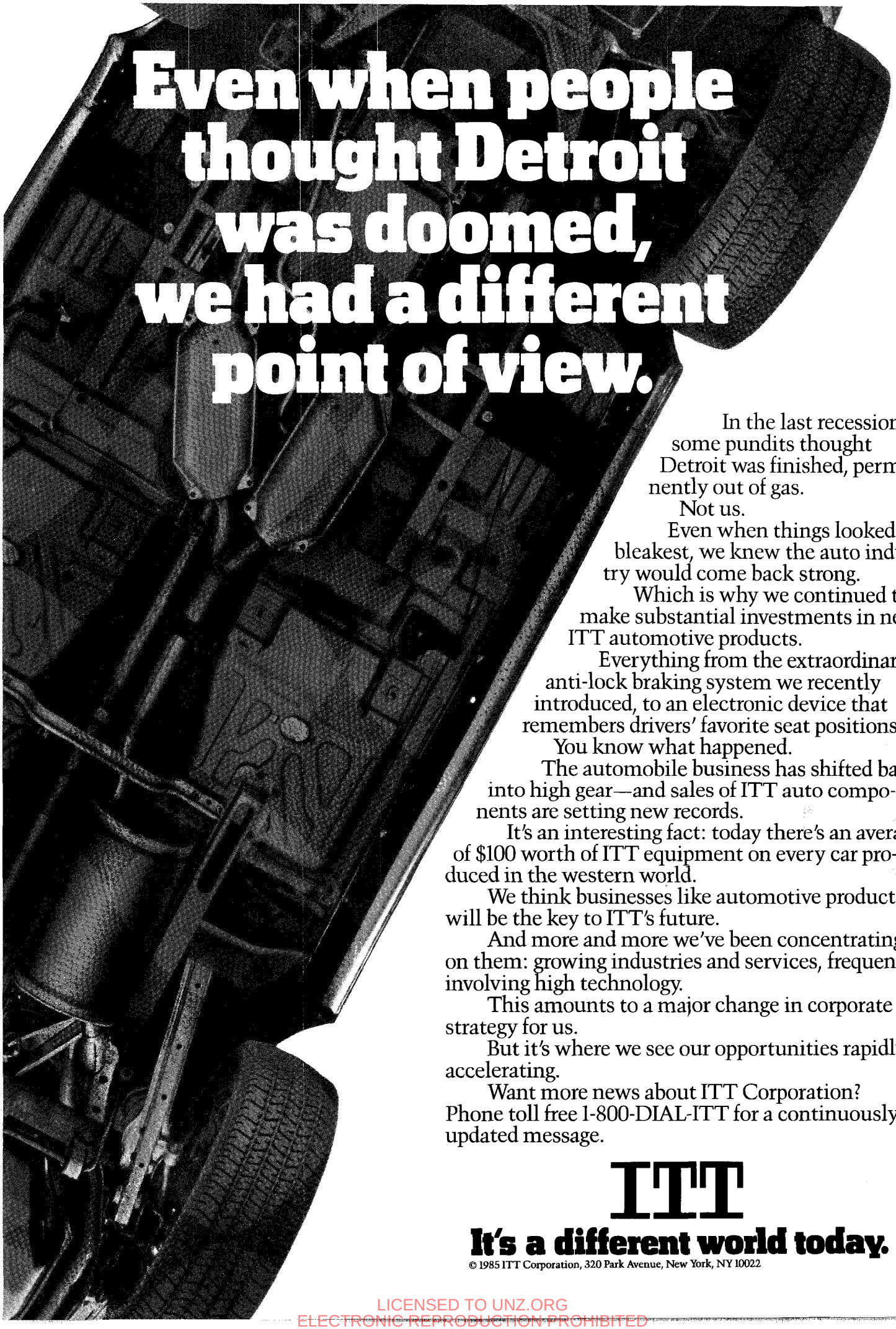

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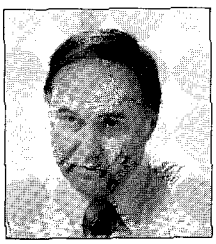
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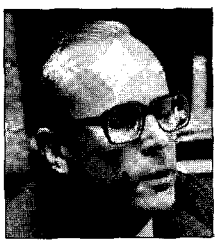
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LETTERS

Abortion Debate

Both Ernest van den Haag and John T. Noonan Jr. ["Abortion: A Civilized Exchange," Sept. 6] correctly identify the key issue in the abortion debate: the humanity of the fetus. While Mr. van den Haag comes to unfortunate conclusions and assumes a pro-choice position, the pro-life Mr. Noonan decides the question *too* emphatically. His conviction that the fetus is a human being is demonstrably correct. *Proving* the humanity of the fetus, however, is not necessary and only provides a diversionary tactic for the pro-choice lobby, allowing them to engage in a tendentious scientific debate. The burden of proving the humanity of the fetus actually falls on the shoulders of the pro-choicers. They must prove that the fetus is non-human. Unless one can be certain that the fetus is *not* human, one cannot accept abortion. If one merely is not sure, one still cannot accept abortion. As President Reagan said in the first debate with Walter Mondale last fall, one would not bury a body if one were not sure it was dead.

Lucille Atkins
Avon, Conn.

Sanctimonious Sanctions

I wish to commend NATIONAL REVIEW for its insightful coverage of the unfortunate situation in South Africa and its proposal for long-term stabilization and reform there ["Feelgood Politics," Aug. 23].

While many are calling for economic sanctions against the government in Pretoria—disinvestment, trade embargoes, boycotts, and the like—*NR* has consistently reported on those who are approaching the problem with reason, in contrast to those who preach irrational and just plain selfish "shoot from the hip" methods.

While no thinking American could ever provide a moral defense of apartheid, many have chosen to oppose it in a politically motivated way, largely supported and encouraged by the media. That the good of all in the region of southern Africa is at stake doesn't seem to matter to many in Congress who see their punches at the Reagan Administration drawing blood. The sad fact is that economic sanctions have become a safe bandwagon, and many of our representatives have no choice but to jump on, for those who don't, risk being crushed by it.

I agree that America must have a sound and forceful policy urging change in the unacceptable treatment of nonwhites in South Africa, but it would seem that our best instrument for effecting such change, namely corporate involvement, is being tossed aside by those who should be leading its promotion, namely Congress.

Ian Wilson Macoy
Students for America
George Washington University
Washington, D.C.

In the light of the recent House vote imposing economic sanctions on South Africa, I have some free advice for that embattled regime.

In order to get back on our good side, it merely needs to deploy nuclear missiles aimed at this country. I guarantee that all those liberals who now support sanctions would be eager to reach some sort of "arms-control" agreement with the South Africans, and would overlook the repugnant aspects of apartheid. Sound farfetched? It shouldn't. After all, it worked for the Russians.

Joseph J. Eule
Washington, D.C.

Remember Los Alamos

The article by Anthony P. X. Bothwell ["Teller Looks to the Future," Aug. 9] was an excellent, albeit brief, tribute to a truly outstanding scientist. I note, however, one error of fact that should be corrected.

Mr. Bothwell stated that Dr. Teller "founded the lab [Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory] that designed most of America's postwar nuclear weapons." Records show that Los Alamos National Laboratory (established 43 years ago to build the first nuclear weapons) has in fact designed and developed two-thirds of the nuclear weapons that have gone into the U.S. stockpile since the founding of the Livermore laboratory.

C. Paul Robinson
Principal Associate Director
National Security Programs
Los Alamos National Laboratory
Los Alamos, N.M.

Soft on Defense?

You are correct to point out some positive developments in the House of Representatives' recent votes on defense and

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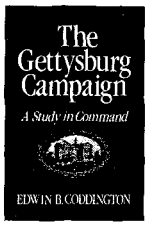

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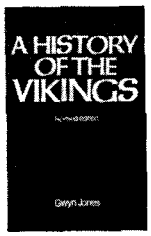

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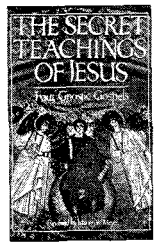

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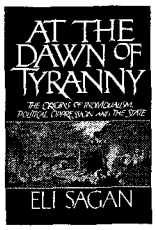

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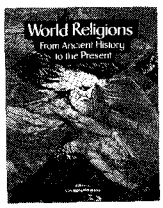

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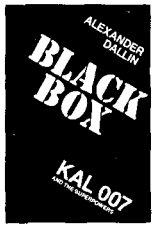

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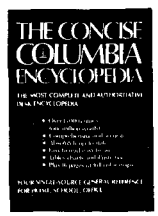

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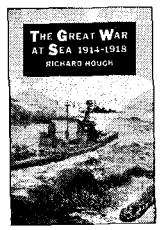

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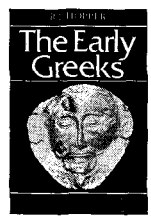

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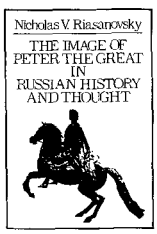

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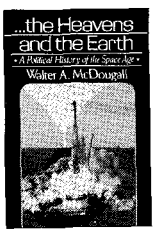

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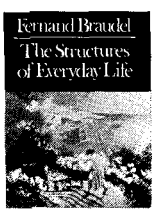

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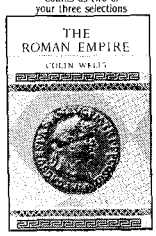

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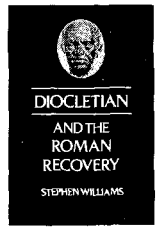

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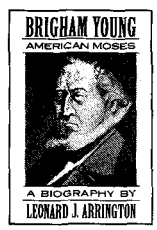

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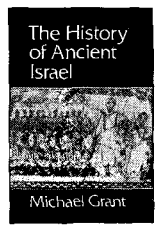

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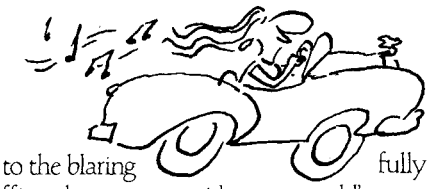

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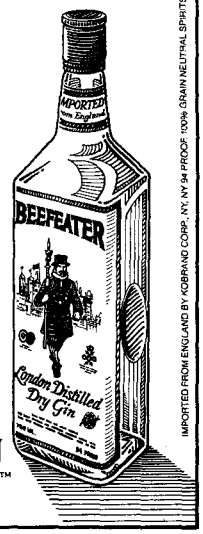

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foreign policy—most notably, the unexpected repeal of the Clark amendment ["For the Record," Aug. 9].

These votes do coincide with the public soul-searching of some Democrats over their party's "soft on defense" image. But it's too early to detect a real sea-change in the views of House Democrats on defense issues.

The House, after all, just produced a 1986 defense budget containing zero growth—without even an inflation adjustment. Just last year, in their campaigns, Gary Hart and Walter Mondale supported 3 per cent real growth. The House voted to stop the MX program at forty deployed missiles, in contrast to the Scowcroft Commission's plan for one hundred, and Jimmy Carter's plan for two hundred. Most Democrats voted to cut the 1986 Strategic Defense Initiative budget by 43 per cent—the House finally settled on a 32 per cent cut.

To a modest degree, these and other cuts were mitigated by the Senate. Still, the House Democrats' actions don't yet point to a party that has undergone a fundamental philosophical shift. When their concern for substance catches up with their concern for their party's image, then we might have something to celebrate.

Rep. Jim Courter (R., N.J.)
Washington, D.C.

Farewell to the Arms Race

The history of *nuclear*-arms control is too recent to permit conclusions ["Arms Control: Three Centuries of Failure," Aug. 9]. It would, however, appear to permit a cautious optimism. But William R. Hawkins does not discuss it at all. He merely informs us magisterially that there are no examples of successful arms control between major powers.

It would be interesting to find out what his definition of "successful" is, and which of the many arms-control treaties negotiated during the period of nuclear arms he thinks unsuccessful. The Limited Test Ban Treaty of 1963, which drove nuclear explosions underground? Admittedly more of a gain for world health than for world peace, but that only reminds us that nuclear weapons are different. The Nonproliferation Treaty of 1968, which halted the spread of nuclear weapons? This treaty is now in danger of unraveling, but that is a result of the superpowers' failure to continue progress, and in particular of the Reagan Administration's opposition to arms control. The ABM Treaty of 1972? If the Star Wars advocates really believe this treaty is ineffective, then it is hard to understand why they are so concerned to

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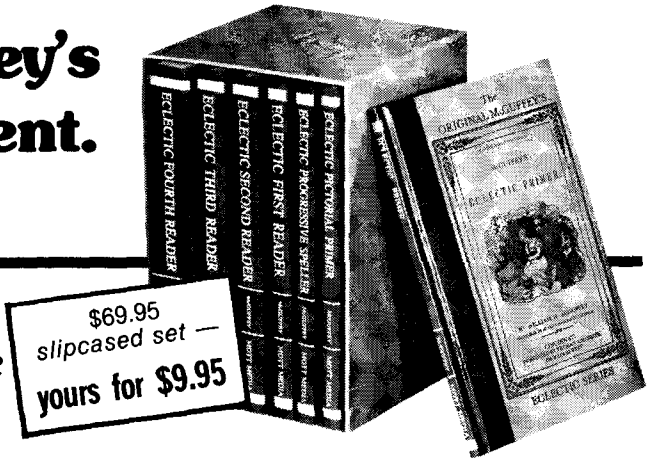

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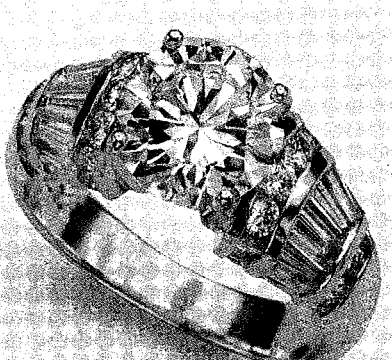

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dismantle it. As usual, one suspects that the cry, "Arms control is a failure," really means: "We fear it may be successful, and therefore wish to be rid of it." It would be a relief to find someone who wishes to further accelerate the nuclear-arms race, honestly believing this to be in the national interest, who has the candor to say so.

Doyne Dawson
Boston, Mass.

Separation of Church and Space

The essay "On Whose Side Is History?" by Stanley L. Jaki [Aug. 23] is very timely and pertinent in these days when the specter of secularism and atheism is threatening the very foundations of our society. Tragically we have insulated theology from science, forgetting, as Jaki says, that science owes "its very birth to Christianity."

The Christian church set the stage for understanding nature; when the appropriate actors came out, the program became the success story of Western science. Modern science could not have been born in the East because of the Orientals' theology, or lack thereof. The Transcendental Creator was lost sight of in China, for instance.

Currently many teachers in public schools are not teaching "creation in time"; and the frequent creation/evolution debates characteristically have as their "bottom line" theism (Christianity) versus atheism (naturalism or secularism). Now, before it is too late, we need to recognize what is happening and do all we can to return science and theology to a wholesome unity.

Wayne Frair
Professor of Biology
The King's College
Briarcliff Manor, N.Y.

Fordham Fracas II

You contend in your July 26 issue ["The Week"] that reports of a controversial faculty reappointment case at Fordham University are "cause to wonder" about the university's attitudes toward women and Catholic values. After noting that "discrimination suits against universities are common stuff these days," you then implicitly accept as a given Phyllis Zagano's charge that she was denied reappointment because she was a woman, a Catholic, and a lieutenant in the Naval Reserve. These are, of course, the very points in dispute in the case, which is now in litigation before a federal court. The charges have already been reviewed by several faculty grievance committees in accord with the procedures outlined in the statutes of the university. These committees have found them to be without foundation.

"Liberal sociologist" or not, when the Reverend Joseph Fitzpatrick expresses concern that "so much attention was given to [her] Catholic interests," he, too, is assuming as fact what is the very point in dispute. What is beyond dispute, of course, is that Dr. Zagano herself has drawn considerable attention to her Catholic interests.

Whether it was appropriate for the department chairman to have contributed to *Screw* magazine is really a separate issue altogether. Along with others, I am embarrassed and offended that any member of the Fordham faculty would consider *Screw* magazine a suitable outlet for his writing. At the same time, I recognize that a tenured faculty member's decision to publish in *Screw*, however personally offensive many of us might find it, could and would be defended as an exercise of academic freedom.

Joseph A. O'Hare, SJ
President, Fordham University
Bronx, N.Y.

Legal, Not Logical

In an attempt to prove the illogicality of the proposition, "if the United States Government legalized the consumption of hard drugs, it would inevitably appear as if the people of the United States sanctioned the consumption of hard drugs" ["On the Right," Aug. 9], Mr. Buckley presented two statements of fact. 1) "A society can sanction the sale of pistols without sanctioning their use to kill people." No doubt, but that is the sanctioning of two separate and independent acts. 2) "A drugstore that stocks sleeping pills does not sanction their use for suicidal purposes." Same as above.

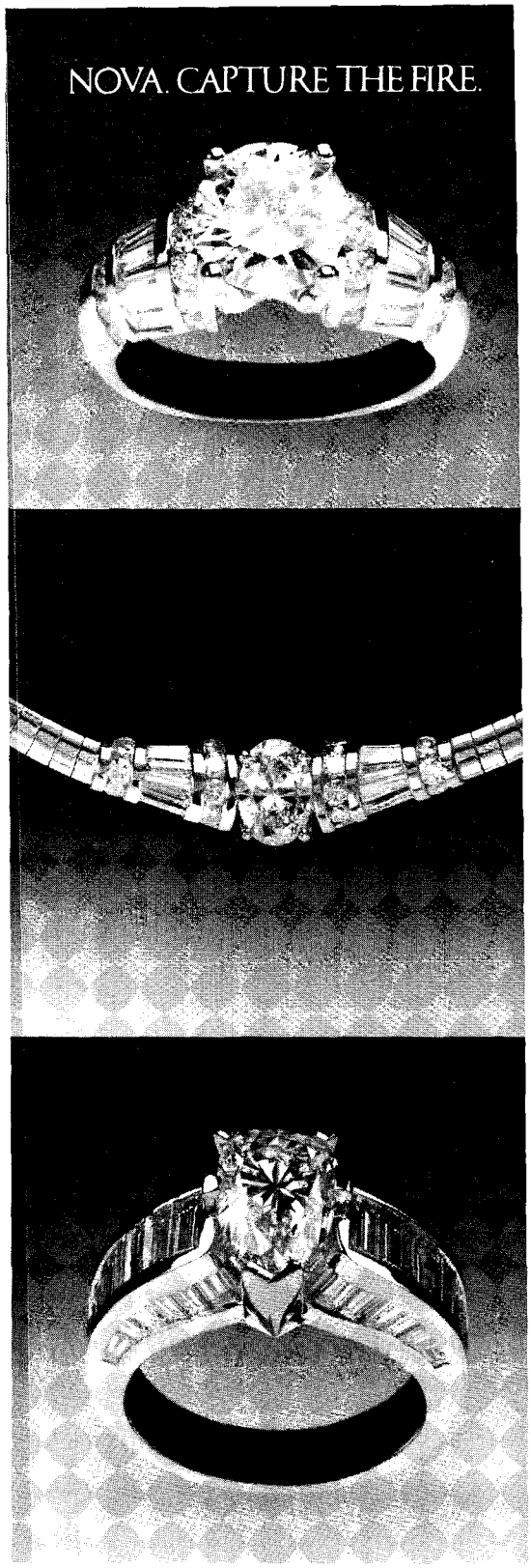
These examples are not analogous to the case at hand, which involves the legalization and sanctioning of a single act. The government might not *encourage* the consumption of hard drugs, but legalization surely condones and at the very least does not inhibit it, making the United States a sanctuary for hard-drug consumers.

Bret Moberg
Sacramento, Calif.

Morphic Resonances

Many thanks to D. Keith Mano for introducing us to morphogenetics ["Morphogenetics," June 14, June 28]. We got Professor Sheldrake's book *A New Science of Life* out of the library and read it with excitement and pleasure.

In his second article Mano links morphogenetics to Christianity, but he does not mention some fascinating theologi-



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cal ramifications. Though the doctrine of Original Sin seems almost indubitable on empirical grounds, it has always been hard to see how the sins of the first people could infect the whole race. And it is even tougher to understand how the death and resurrection of one man, the God-man, could work to free the entire race from the disease of sin and offer all men eternal life. But hypothesize a morphogenetic field—a form of man that interacts causally with all human beings. In the Fall the human M-field is damaged beyond man's ability to repair it. Only the Incarnation and Resurrection of God, who is nonetheless man and hence interacts with the human M-field, will restore the form. (Odo of Tournai said something similar in the twelfth century, but he was talking about universals.) This is not to say that the morphogenetic theory could give scientific explanations for the truths of faith, but it suggests a mechanism for the mystery.

Kate and Mark Rogers
Newark, Del.

Mr. Mano's mysterious, inexplicable "fact," as outlined in the second installment of his piece on morphogenetics, is neither mysterious nor inexplicable. He has simply discovered that there must always be a "first" of something if there is going to be a second of that something. Some of us have known that for years and years.

To state that "as soon as a new crystal has been grown, it will at once be possible to grow that same crystal anywhere else" is laughable. Is it not equally true to say that once a golf ball has been manufactured it is possible to manufacture a golf ball anywhere else? If one believes that a crystal cannot be grown elsewhere until one has been grown somewhere, one would be forced to believe that a crystal cannot be grown somewhere until . . . Oh, hell, you see what I mean. There must be a "first" of anything.

Mr. Mano should also stay out of the "philosophical forest" in which he envisions falling, unseen trees. The argument is about the existence of noise when a tree falls unheard. The actual fall is never disputed.

Darwin R. Crum
Schaumburg, Ill.

An Academic Point

I was startled, and a little annoyed, when I looked back into a recent issue of NATIONAL REVIEW to read that Edmund Perry, the Harlem kid shot by a policeman, "had just graduated from posh Exeter Academy" ["The Week," Aug. 9]. I thought the slightly denigrating "posh" was unnecessary—Exeter is prestigious, to be sure, but it is rigorous and demanding, not comfortable or luxurious. But if *NR* must be critical of my alma mater, at least it could get the name right. Even the *Village Voice* managed that. Edmund Perry and I were graduated from the *Phillips* Exeter Academy—familiarly known as Exeter or Phillips Exeter, but not as Exeter Academy. Similarly, you might call our country "the States" or "the United States," but you would not be tempted to call it "the States of America."

Incidentally, I found your comments on Edmund Perry's death very appropriate. Perry's guilt has been cause for reflection for many of my classmates, many of whom had believed, as we were taught, that "goodness and knowledge" went hand in hand. I'm afraid that Exeter may have abdicated its responsibility to teach morals, in the vain hope that simple information would be enough.

Lacey Washington
New York, N.Y.

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FOR THE RECORD

The great re-alignment debate continues: Is it or ain't it in the cards? Democratic pollster **Peter Hart**, looking over polls by both parties, says: "The data show that the days of Democratic dominance are over." . . . That's how **Kevin Phillips** reads the situation: What is going on, he says, is "de-alignment . . . the destruction of the old New Deal Democratic presidential coalition." . . . Agreed, says **David Broder**, but how are the Democrats going to beat the Republicans' proposition that, "reduced to basics, is: Get rid of government, get it off our backs," so long as their response remains: "Expand government at every opportunity, especially at the federal level"? . . . **Norman Podhoretz** believes Republican resurgence pre-dated Reagan. It started in 1972, he says, "when the **McGovern** Left took over the Democratic Party." Phillips dates it to 1968, when the South largely deserted the Democrats and split between Republicans and the third-party candidate, **George Wallace**. . . . How went Operation Open Door, the major GOP drive to get 100,000 Democrats to switch parties in four states (Louisiana, North Carolina, Florida, Pennsylvania)? So-so. Republican National Chairman **Frank Fahrenkopf Jr.** says 54,000 Democrats have re-registered as Republicans in those states, and claims victory; the Dems predictably are playing it as huge GOP defeat. . . . Former **Jimmy Carter** chief of staff **Hamilton Jordan**, hard at work on a book on Democratic Party, says it is "out of step with the mood of the country."

Bully for Sens. **William Cohen** (R., Me.) and **Daniel Patrick Moynihan** (D., N.Y.). On recent trip to Peking, Cohen pointedly told authorities the U.S. was committed to Taiwan, its security, its way of life, its freedom of choice in the way it is governed. And Moynihan asked his hosts how come Red China voted with the U.S. only 14 per cent of the time in the UN, with the Soviet Union 85 per cent of the time. . . . And bully for Sen. **Patrick Leahy** (D., Vt.), who calls for legislation limiting the number of Soviet diplomats in the U.S. to the number of American diplomats at the U.S. Embassy in Moscow. . . . **Reed Irvine**, not content with bedeviling the media (Accuracy in Media), is setting up parallel operation, headed by former Foreign Service Officer **Malcolm Lawrence**, to monitor Marxist instruction on the nation's campuses (Accuracy in Academia). . . . In the communications field, former Reagan Director of Communications **David Gergen** will be managing editor of **Morton Zuckerman**'s newly acquired *U.S. News & World Report*. . . . **Norman Lear** (People for the American Way, *Archie Bunker*) wants to buy the conservative *Detroit News*. . . . In New York, the *Tribune*, started as *News World* by Rev. **Moon**'s Unification Church in 1976, has suspended publication (they say until January), but that won't affect its sister paper in Washington, the *Washington Times*, says *Times*'s editor-in-chief, **Arnaud de Borchgrave**.

On August 23, time ran out for the constitutional amendment that would have given Washington, D.C., two senators and one congressman. Only 16 states (out of the 38 needed) had approved the amendment when the seven-year clock ran out. In the past dozen years, Washington residents have moved steadily left: 78.1 per cent of them voted for George McGovern in 1972; 86.5 per cent of them voted for **Walter Mondale** in 1984. . . . Interesting poll by *Los Angeles Times* shows that the people who write its news stories differ greatly in outlook from people who read them. For instance, 62 per cent of journalists favor disinvestment; only 32 per cent of readers do. Readers favor prayer in public schools by 75 per cent, only 25 per cent of journalists do. Sixty per cent of journalists disapprove of Reagan's performance, 57 per cent of readers approve of it. . . . In illuminating *Washington Post* column, David Broder points out that educational standards in public schools have gone up in past five years while federal funding of public schools has been cut by a third, from 9.2 to 6.2 per cent. . . . As school year starts up, **Institute for Educational Affairs** reports it has provided seed money for 29 conservative campus papers, of the fifty or more on the campuses.

Now it's on the artistic front that **François Mitterrand** is getting brickbats. First there was most unpopular **I. M. Pei** pyramid in front of the Louvre; then the statue of Captain **Dreyfus** the army wouldn't let Mitterrand's Culture Minister, **Jack Lang**, place in front of the Ecole Militaire. Next week the wrapping-artist **Christo** will be wrapping the sixteenth-century Pont Neuf with 440,000 square feet of gauze, to the horror of most Parisians. Large statues of metal suitcases and battered watches have sprouted at Métro entrances and in front of the Gare St.-Lazare. And the residents of the historic Palais Royale are raising a pre-emptive ruckus at reports that modern statuary is to be placed in *their* garden, to which **Dominique Sainte-Lague**, of the Culture Ministry's Delegation for Plastic Arts, snorts: "They're a bunch of super-privileged rich. They have no right to complain." In the spirit of *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*, no doubt.

Shailo, *London Daily Telegraph* / Rothco

"I was mugged already by the Bank of England."

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THE WEEK

☐ Inasmuch as the U.S. depends on South Africa for several strategic minerals otherwise available only from the USSR, why is it trying to appease us? Why doesn't it (say) denounce our crime in the streets, our barbarous abortion laws, and our bungled foreign policy that leaves half of Europe enslaved, and threaten us with sanctions unless we reform?

☐ The clash of views between the Reverend Jerry Falwell and Bishop Desmond Tutu (described by Falwell as "a phony") causes us to wonder: How come Tony Lewis and the boys haven't been condemning Tutu for mixing politics and religion, the way they've condemned Falwell?

☐ In Boston, Federal District Judge W. Arthur Garrity Jr. is about to relinquish control of the public-school system he has been virtually running since 1974, when he prescribed forced busing as a remedy for racial imbalance. After 414 separate court orders, total enrollment has shrunk from 93,000 in 1974 to 57,000 today. Whites accounted for 65 per cent of the pupils in 1974; now they are 28 per cent. Test scores for the system have also plunged. If you seek Judge Garrity's monument, look around you.

☐ Many of those "shocking" Pentagon procurement stories turned out to be not shocking after all (see "Horror Stories," *NR*, Sept. 6). Thus that famous $640 toilet seat was actually a heavy molded plastic cover for the entire toilet system of the P-3 aircraft. And so it goes. But the Sergeant York anti-aircraft gun is a genuine lemon. The gun is highly complex and is aimed by computer, but it has always had one notable flaw: It cannot hit a maneuvering aircraft. Although its firing range is longer than that of the gun it was intended to replace, it is still shorter than that of the new Soviet air-to-ground rockets. The program so far has cost $1.8 billion. Chalk one up in the fiasco column, and Secretary Weinberger deserves credit for canceling it. He has also increased his credibility on other arms issues.

☐ Recently, the Los Angeles City Council unanimously approved an ordinance banning discrimination against victims of AIDS in jobs, housing, and health care. This measure would extend to restaurants, hotels, barber shops, hospitals, and dental offices. Some implications: A hospital that does not have proper facilities for the treatment of the disease still cannot refuse to admit victims; hotels must accommodate AIDS carriers; a restaurant owner cannot fire a food handler who is afflicted. (Blood and sperm banks were exempted.) It's one thing to bolster public confidence through science, another to dictate what are and are not permissible taboos. Is it really the responsibility of a restaurateur to run the risk of bankruptcy because he cannot dismiss a dishwasher suffering from AIDS?

☐ In New York City, 17,000 government employees got a day off to save electricity during a heat wave blamed on Hurricane Danny. Too few for too little time to turn the economy around, but if anybody can think of a way to position a hurricane over Washington, D.C., for a couple of weeks, we could probably get rid of the deficit.

☐ You say you just can't buy the liberal line on poverty? That's okay; neither can poor people themselves, it turns out. According to a *Los Angeles Times* poll reported on in *Public Opinion*, Americans who live in poverty agree by a 43 to 31 per cent plurality that welfare makes people dependent and encourages them to stay poor (other Americans agree by a 61 to 16 margin). Most poor people believe poverty programs have "seldom" worked, but only 5 per cent say the reason is that the programs were not given enough money. Fully 31 per cent of the poor (and 59 per cent of the rest) say that "jobs are available for anyone who is willing to work," although you'd think the absolutism of the word "anyone" would have slanted the response the other way. Then there is the notion that "poor young women have babies so they can collect welfare," which poverticians regard as an insulting stereotype, but which the poor themselves seem to treat as a simple fact of life, agreeing by a wide 64 to 23 margin.

☐ The alternative to the invisible hand of the price system is the very visible hand of government coercion, as New Yorkers are finding out once again this summer. City Hall refuses to charge residents for the water they use—it has never installed water meters—so it is resorting to heavy police action to enforce con-

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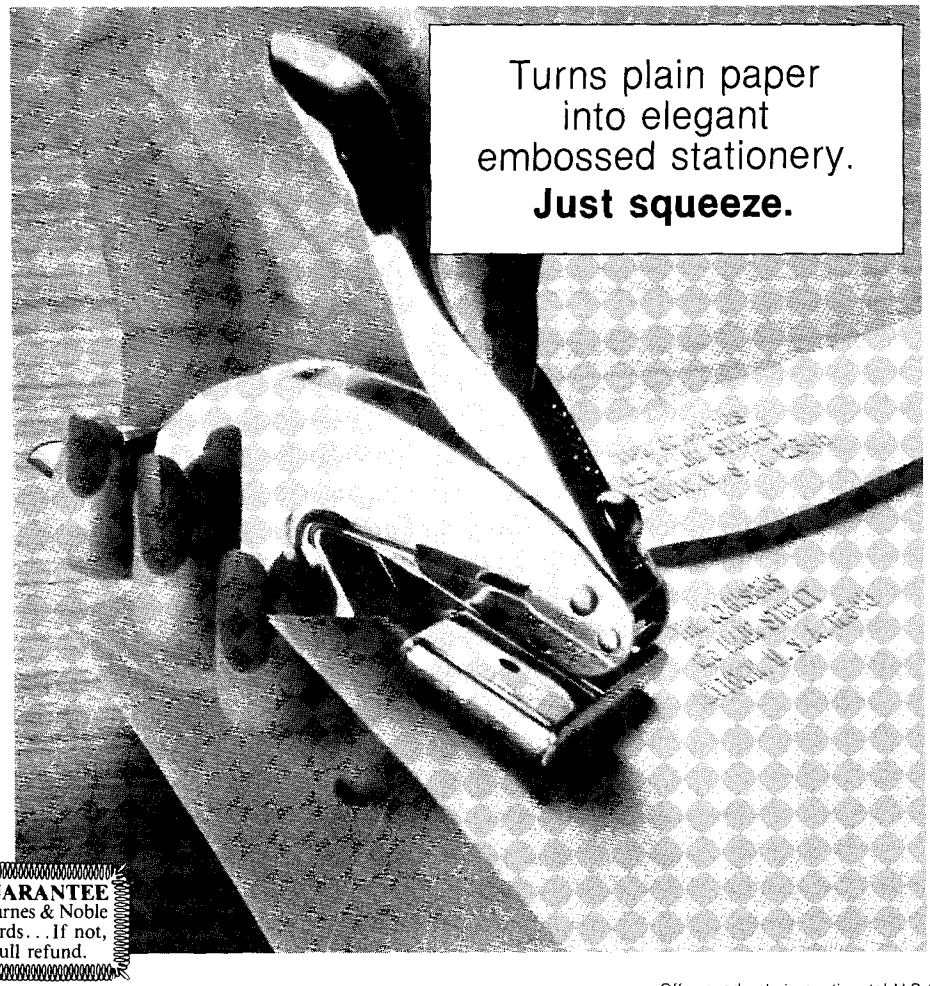

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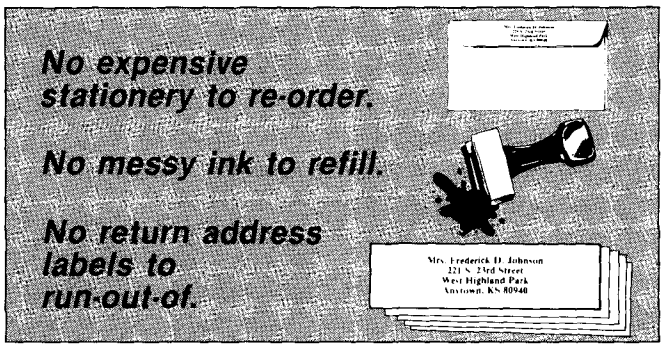

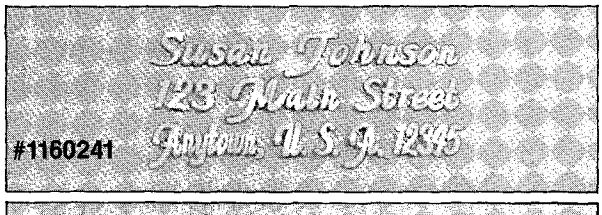

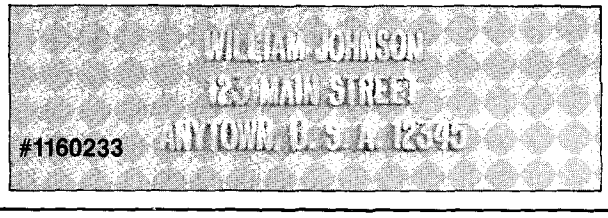

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servation during the latest water shortage. Already it is illegal to take a decent shower in the city, even private homeowners having been ordered to install those wretched "flow restricters." Businesses must cut their water use by 25 per cent from last summer's level (you say your business is a fast-growing one? Sorry, there is no place for those in the New York plan). Mayor Koch denounces clandestine lawn-waterers and car-washers as "water rats." Even with all this brow-beating, water use per capita is still running 10 per cent higher in New York than in Detroit, a cleaner city that has bigger lawns and more cars to wash but that meters its water. Meanwhile, as the crisis developed, the *New York Times* virtuously editorialized against Western water projects; Colorado ranchers, it explained, will have no incentive to use water properly unless it is priced correctly. There was no hint that the ranchers might have picked up their economic fallacies in a visit to the big city.

☐ National Public Radio has come under criticism from its friends on the Left for wimping out on the revolutionary cause. It seems NPR has been supplementing its usual interviews with Sandinistas by talking to State Department spokesmen and *Contras* as well. The "independent socialist newspaper" *In These Times* has recently featured a running debate on whether, if this keeps up, "leftists should withhold support for NPR," as one author put it. Now back to discussion number 51 of why media bias is a figment of your imagination.

☐ A few weeks ago, everyone was calling terrorism "our number-one enemy in the world today." But now everyone is demanding that the African National Congress, the number-one terrorist outfit in South Africa today, be legalized, legitimated, and included in any settlement. Terrorism is not an "enemy"; it's a technique, a technique that happens to be in favor especially among those who happen to be our enemies. The ANC works hand-in-glove with South Africa's Communist Party, which is subservient to the Soviet Union, which supports and subsidizes dozens of terrorist operations around the world, and in fact controls its own populace through terror.

☐ Almost fifty years later, the Left still thinks it is fighting the Spanish Civil War. Trying to infuse a little romance into a revolution gone sour, a group of veteran Abraham Lincoln Brigaders has launched a campaign to send ambulances (sound familiar?) to the Sandinistas. The crown prince of radical chic, John Sayles, whose film subjects include aging radicals, lesbian mothers, and black ETs, has donated the $10,000 he made shooting a recent Bruce Springsteen video to the cause. Also, Haskell Wexler (*Coming Home*) is filming an admittedly "partisan" documentary named *Latino*. A better title would be *Cuba II*.

☐ The fifth Moscow Book Fair, held this month, will not be the peace-inspiring cultural exchange envisioned by détentist planners in 1977. In spite of controversy earlier this summer (stirred up by Carl Gershman of the National Endowment for Democracy, who questioned the political balance of a supposedly representative book list submitted for the fair by the Association of American Publishers), the fair has generated little excitement. While more than two hundred U.S. publishers are sending books, several major houses admit to doing so only at the behest of dissident Soviet writers. Ironically, the books featured by the American publishers are scientific, technical, artistic, and scholarly, rather than political or literary, so that they do not provide much grist for the Russian democratic mills. Harper & Row president Brooks Thomas admits, "We haven't flaunted books we knew they would object to." But isn't that the point?

☐ In 1975, you will recall, Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times* excused the forced march of three million people out of Phnom Penh on the grounds that it was being done in pursuit of a "vision of a new [i.e., Communist] society," and he branded Western objections as "cultural arrogance." More recently he has been in China, where, he acknowledges, forced abortion and sterilization are indeed official methods of population control, and official pressure drives many parents to infanticide. But once again he cautions us against boorish intrusion: "The propriety of the methods used to discourage [*sic*] children is a fair question. But outsiders should not make ringing statements about it without understanding the reality of the problem China faces." Now back to South Africa.

☐ The Soviet use of "spy dust" (better known as nitrophenylpentadienal) to track the movements of U.S. Embassy personnel in Moscow has excited remarkably little indignation in those quarters that ordinarily get so agitated about civil-liberties violations and chemicals that cause bladder cancer in rodents. The *New York Times* editorially connected the dust story to a recent "torrent of tough talk from the White House." Our favorite line, though, came from *Time*: "Officials in Washington speculated that the KGB might simply not have given any thought to health hazards."

☐ Leaving behind a trail of broken beer bottles, smashed dormitory windows, and a pile of trash more than a foot deep, a group of 15 drunken Soviet exchange students headed home for the summer from Peking University. The first Russian students to study in the People's Republic in two decades complained —in slurred fashion no doubt—of many frustrations in dealing with the Chinese. Their access to information (hic!) was limited, and they claimed that their Chinese academic advisors were (hic!) useless. Now, these campus hooligans were not your run-of-the-mill

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

YOU DON'T have to put your ear to the ground to hear the rumble emanating from the conservative movement here in Washington. Economic sanctions against South Africa are the problem. On one side is the New Right plus certain movement mainliners. On the other is the Conservative Opportunity Society (COS), those energetic young House Republicans, self-styled populists like Vin Weber of Minnesota, Robert Walker of Pennsylvania, Newt Gingrich of Georgia, and Jack Kemp of New York, who are bent on leading Republicans to a majority status, which they feel means ridding the party of any appearance of softness on racism. Hence, their approval of sanctions. Condemning apartheid (as everyone does) is not enough, says the COS. Conservatives must also brandish economic weapons, notwithstanding that sanctions will hurt South African blacks.

Swords were first drawn last December when 35 House conservatives wrote a letter to the South African ambassador condemning apartheid and threatening U.S. Government pressure if changes were not made. Later, the COS was part of the overwhelming House majority (380 to 48) that passed a sanctions bill, for which it was bitterly condemned by the New Right. "Acute moral cowardice," declared Howard Phillips, stressing that the South African government has instituted "reforms" of apartheid, and is "a target for destabilization" by the Soviets. "The demagogues have taken the high ground," observed Burton Yale Pines, vice president of the Heritage Foundation. "You're a racist if you don't bludgeon apartheid with a sledge hammer."

The White House has jumped into the act with both feet, starting with the formidable Pat Buchanan, who invited a number of New Right leaders to his office in mid-August to talk tactics. "It's the Bolsheviks versus the Mensheviks," Buchanan told Cato half facetiously. If taken unfacetiously, this would mean that the conservative split is between those who want a small disciplined party of professional revolutionaries (Buchanan et al.) and those who want a loosely organized mass party (COS). Eight months ago Buchanan assigned the "Turncoat of the Year Award" to the COS for "stabbing South Africa in the back," and today his feelings have not abated one whit. "The rift is deep," he says, "and it won't go away soon."

A three-column, page-one *Washington Times* story on August 23 stated that a "primary reason" why Paul Laxalt decided against seeking re-election was "frustration caused by the inability to have access to President Reagan." This denial of access, the story claimed, was engineered by White House Chief of Staff Donald Regan. This report was another August thunderclap in the nation's capital. When Senator Laxalt heard about it, he phoned Regan immediately and told him the story was "unadulterated garbage." The White House was incensed, too, at what has proven to be the silly season's silliest concoction.

Why *did* Laxalt throw in the towel, then? Inside scuttlebutt has it that, contrary to popular impression, the senator does not have much by way of assets, and when he sees Howard Baker in downtown Washington pulling down a seven-figure salary, he says, "If it's good enough for Howard, it's good enough for me." In 1987, with a nest egg put away, Laxalt would be eligible for the Supreme Court. He says he is "considering" a run for the Presidency in 1988, but no one takes that seriously, since Laxalt palpably lacks the fire in the belly.

Will Republicans hold the seat? Laxalt is confident they will, and Richard Wirthlin's polling for the Republican Senatorial Committee confirms Laxalt's optimism. But another poll, a private one commissioned by Laxalt, shows that Republican congresswoman Barbara Vucanovich, Laxalt's protégé and the most likely nominee, trails Democratic congressman Harry Reid by five points. So, in this race look for "no worse than a toss-up," one expert contends (he himself is betting on Republican retention).

Things have changed considerably since Laxalt first ran for the Senate 16 years ago. At that time he said: "You have to be a kamikaze to run as a Republican in this state." His efforts in the intervening years have paid off: This January, the Nevada Assembly, once a haven for Democrats, acquired a GOP majority for the first time in 15 years, a further sign of the realignment now spreading.

Because of this Laxalt development, however, handicappers here are saying that the margin favoring Republican control of the Senate has now shrunk to 51 to 49. Others are saying that the outcome will be 51 to 49, no matter who gets the margin. It'll be that close. —CATO

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beer-soaked undergraduates: They were grownup specialists from leading research institutions. Needless to say, they were not asked to return.

☐ Speaking in our capacity as a friend, not a client (though we are both), NATIONAL REVIEW congratulates Hugh C. Newton. His essentially one-man public-relations agency (Hugh C. Newton and Associates) and the Heritage Foundation have been awarded the prestigious Silver Anvil for 1985 by the Public Relations Society of America for their program designed (in the words of the PRSA) to persuade "Washington, D.C., thought leaders and policymakers to read and consider yet another book on public policy"—Heritage's *Mandate for Leadership II*. Newton, the most cheerful man in Washington, for many years was director of public relations for the National Right to Work Committee, and lists among his clients the Republic of China and many other good things.

☐ No matter how far you think the legal profession has sunk, there is worse. A convicted murderer in Utah now claims that the state was liable when he made his escape, and has sued for "inadvertently wandering into an escape-in-progress situation," resulting in "trauma" while he was free. Upon his escape, the gentleman was scared, and subjected himself to insect bites, and "at one point I heard a volley of shotgun

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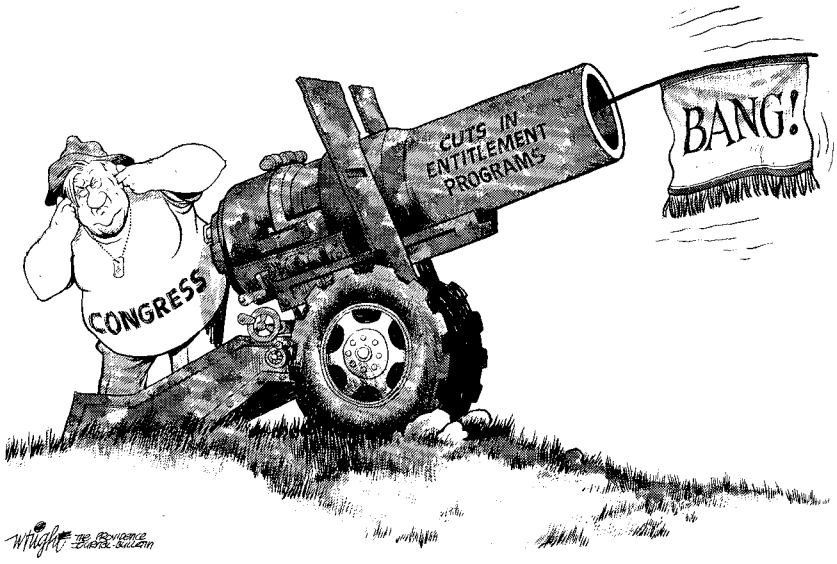
blasts and this completed my anxiety." He wants two million bucks in damages.

☐ Either congratulations or condolences are in order for Dan and Sue Stockwell of Basingstoke, England, whose marriage ended in divorce during the wedding reception.

☐ Just when you thought it was safe to be a white male . . . A memo for a job opening in the Office of the People's Counsel of the District of Columbia affirms that justice is not only blind, but often dumb as well: "AN EQUAL-OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER—ALL QUALIFIED CANDIDATES WILL RECEIVE CONSIDERATION WITHOUT REGARD TO RACE, COLOR, RELIGION, NATIONAL ORIGIN, SEX, AGE, MARITAL STATUS, PERSONAL APPEARANCE, SEXUAL ORIENTATION, FAMILY RESPONSIBILITIES, MATRICULATION, POLITICAL AFFILIATION, PHYSICAL HANDICAP, SOURCE OF INCOME, AND PLACE OF RESIDENCE OR BUSINESS."



☐ In Greenwater, Washington, a couple on a camping trip were approached by an eight-foot "ugly and smelly" bear, which asked their names and whether they had permission to use the campsite, then told them to get off the property immediately. The couple ran, and the bear threw rocks at them. Authorities suspect something is amiss.

☐ It seems, and don't ask us where these statistics come from, that Mr. Clean has 93 per cent name recognition, as against 56 per cent for George Bush, whoever he is. Maybe there is something to be said for wearing one gold earring?

☐ Just when you think everything is going wrong, word flashes that Boy George's career is plummeting.

The Vulnerable Frontier

PRESIDENT REAGAN has announced that the Air Force will shortly test an anti-satellite (ASAT) weapon against a defunct U.S. satellite in space. Critics of the Administration, who narrowly failed to impose a congressional moratorium on ASAT testing, charged that such tests will promote the militarization of space and poison the atmosphere for the President's November summit with Gorbachev.

Concern about the militarization of space is understandable, but it comes, in this instance, about twenty years late and is aimed at the wrong party. The armed forces of both superpowers make extensive use of space for communications, reconnaissance, and signal intelligence. But the Soviet Union carries out far more space missions every year than the United States, and roughly 70 per cent of all Soviet missions are paramilitary, a far higher proportion than in the U.S. space program. Space, in short, is already militarized, and the USSR is the principal militarizer.

When critics of the ASAT program speak of the militarization of space they are usually thinking not about its present, irreversible state of militarization, but about the deployment of actual combat systems in orbit. As the importance of space for military missions has increased, both superpowers have become increasingly concerned about their satellites' vulnerability to attack. Only the Soviet Union, however, possesses an operational anti-satellite weapon. An unverifiable ban on ASAT testing would restrict only the United States, not the Kremlin, which could easily conduct ASAT tests under counterfeit guises. Meanwhile, without the ability to shoot down hostile objects in space, the United States would have no way of protecting its vulnerable, and crucial, satellites.

Acquiring the capacity to shoot down objects in space is, of course, a central objective of the Strategic Defense Initiative. It is no secret that much of the opposition to ASAT testing springs from the fact that the technologies involved overlap with those needed for effective defense against strategic nuclear attack.

The pursuit of national self-interest—including the most fundamental self-interest of national survival—ought to be an axiom of our foreign and defense policies. Regrettably, for many it no longer seems to be so. Partisan and ideological differences that once stopped at the water's edge are now paralyzing U.S. responses to an adversary whose sense of historical mission is not restrained by sentiment or conscience. Arms control has thus far succeeded only in immobilizing the West while failing to restrain the most

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threatening Soviet programs—which is why the Kremlin is such an enthusiast of the genre in its present form. Rather than pursuing the chimera of a bilateral agreement with Moscow on ASAT testing, the United States should prepare to defend itself against attacks aimed at its most vulnerable frontier—the one stretching over our heads.

Digging Deeper

IT IS OFTEN taken for granted that the way for American business to meet foreign competition is to invest in facilities second to none. Businesses are often lectured for failing to do this: "The shoe industry has been in trouble since the late 1960s, mainly from its own failure to modernize," ran a typical *Wall Street Journal* news item (August 21). Some backward manufacturers say they have the will to modernize but lack the means, which is why they need tariffs or tax preferences. Advocates of "industrial policy," on the other hand, proceed on the notion that business, presumably unable to recognize its own self-interest, needs to be prodded by government if it is to march into the radiant industrial future.

Congress seems to embrace both these theories by turns. It periodically enacts trade barriers and tax abatements that it hopes will spur reinvestment in older industries, but it also turned to sterner measures in the Trade and Tariff Act of 1984, which requires steel companies to reinvest their cash flow in the steel industry as a condition for trade protection.

The only problem is that reinvestment in an inherently declining industry can lead to economic disaster. "Those [steel] companies that spent the most on modernization are in the biggest trouble," writes Brookings economist Robert Crandall, who says "the most aggressive and 'modern' of the integrated steel companies are those in the most desperate straits." Kaiser Steel spent $240 million to modernize its West Coast works, ignoring warnings that California still couldn't undercut Asian prices; last year it had to sell the entire complex for $110 million. In 1978 the Economic Development Administration, a federal agency, passed out loan guarantees to help three steelmakers modernize; all three have since gone bankrupt. By contrast, the big steelmakers that bought oil companies or just sat on their money—in defiance of political critics—have at least survived, if not prospered.

The steelworkers' union says the recent bankruptcy of the most "efficient" steelmaker, Wheeling-Pittsburgh, merely proves that the foreigners are being even more unfair than we had suspected. A more objective diagnosis is that unless modernization is spurred by a reasonable hope of profit, it is likely to dig an industry deeper in the hole. Most U.S. heavy industries, from appliances to autos to farm machinery, have found it profitable to invest huge sums in modernization in recent years, which suggests that their long-term market prospects are not bad. The shoe industry has not, which suggests that its member firms see the handwriting of comparative advantage on the wall—even if they hope the rest of us don't.

Geraldine's Dilemma

Mrs. Ferraro, who hopes to usurp
Alfonse D'Amato, then smother a burp
Triggered by Pepsi she's sworn to consume,
Wonders if running would finally doom
Hubby, since anyone using his nose
Senses a fragrance unlike any rose.

W. H. VON DREELE

South Africa: Zone of War

COMMUNIST STRATEGISTS divide the world into two zones—the "zone of peace" and the "zone of war." The zone of peace is that which has already fallen under Communist rule; it is no longer to be contested. "What we have, we keep," said Leonid Brezhnev, explaining the Soviet version of property rights. The zone of war, of course, is everything else: Communism regards the non-Communist world as up for grabs.

This division corresponds roughly to two realms in liberal rhetoric. Pro-Western regimes are always eligible for liberal moral censure—especially, oddly enough, when they are also the sites of Communist insurrection. But as soon as a formerly pro-Western country enters the socialist camp it acquires a nearly total exemption from liberal moral criticism. It becomes a "reality," beyond good and evil, and criticism becomes "cold-war rhetoric"—a liberal taboo. Liberal rhetoric directs morality at areas within the zone of war; it concedes "reality," in this warped sense, to the zone of peace.

In short, Communism supplies the guns, and liberals supply the moralism. This is the up-to-date version of the old Popular Front. *Vide* the recent histories of China, Cuba, Vietnam, Cambodia, Nicaragua, Rhodesia, and of course South Africa. It is entirely predictable that if a Marxist-Leninist regime (already waiting in the wings) comes to power in South Africa, no amount of repression and bloodshed will touch the liberal conscience.

End Reverse Discrimination

WE ARE NOW in the fifth year of the Reagan Presidency and we still have, in federal contracts, reverse-discrimination requirements that could be ended

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with a stroke of the presidential pen. Mr. Reagan has before him a draft executive order canceling the requirement that federal contractors employ numerical quotas to remedy supposed job discrimination—a change that would, by the way, make the large and expensive bureaucracy employed in enforcing quotas turn to honest work.

But wait a minute. "The Reagan Administration," says the *Washington Post*, "has under study what could be its most regressive step on civil rights in five years in office." Yes, some people have "civil rights" guaranteed by the Civil Rights Act of 1964, but white males do not. For them, it's Negative Action. Beltway Republicans like Labor Secretary William Brock and Transportation Secretary Elizabeth Dole are strongly opposed to this blow against discrimination. Quotas, and, of course, the bureaucracy behind them, are sacred inside the Beltway. The *New York Times* growls that Reagan must "Leave Affirmative Action Alone."

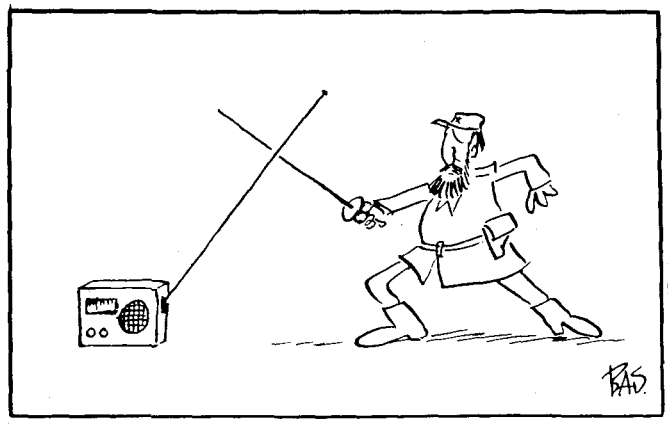
But in campaigns ending in two landslide victories, Mr. Reagan eloquently articulated the case against quotas and reverse discrimination. So did two Republican platforms. The intellectual case has now been made countless times. If the President signs the executive order, he will indicate that he meant what he has been saying all along, and that he will risk the wrath of the Beltway when important principles are at stake. He will return white males to a proper role in the social contract. If not now—well, when?

A Budget Lost

THE CAUSES of the budget disaster are clear enough. The problem springs not from any national lapse of common sense, but from specific, characteristic, and worsening flaws in the Reagan Administration's political style.

Strategic genius and tactical timidity have become the Administration's hallmarks. Since 1982, when Congress welched on its agreement to cut spending in return for the TEFRA tax hike, Ronald Reagan's budget strategy has been simple and brilliant. Absolutely, positively refuse to raise taxes and, therefore, projected revenues. (Real revenues are less important in the budget debate.) Because high deficit numbers seem to frighten congressmen and their constituents more than high spending figures, refusing to fall back on tax increases to narrow the projected deficit would set some limit to congressional profligacy.

Senator Moynihan distorted the President's policy by claiming he had deliberately created monster deficits to force program cuts. But there is no doubt that Mr. Reagan has been playing "chicken" with congressional big-spenders. The psychological aspect of the strategy was the most important: Reagan's resolve and his unquestioned ability to sustain a veto of any tax bill caused wholesale despair among big-spenders. Many



Bas, *Tachydromos* / Rothco

Radio Martí

publicly declared their belief in the President's immovability and the consequent need for spending cuts.

In other words, the strategy worked. After weeks of massive bombing raids, the enemy's supply lines had been effectively severed, his infrastructure destroyed, his communications disrupted. He had been softened up nicely for the big ground assault—the tedious, costly, but necessary hamlet-by-hamlet struggle for territory aching to be taken. It never came. Ronald Reagan, brilliant strategist, inveterate political optimist, but chronically unwilling to take casualties, preferred to stick with the air war and hope for the best result from the confusion below.

To be fair, he did propose a budget, back in February, and it too was strategically brilliant. For the first time in decades a President seriously proposed to eliminate major programs, almost two dozen of them, mostly well-chosen special-interest preserves with narrow, if intense, popular support. True, Reagan's budget would not have saved much more than the $55 billion Congress claims to have saved in the budget it approved August 1. But Reagan's program eliminations would have meant permanent cuts. Next year new ground could have been taken. Under Congress's timid budget, which eliminates but one major program, the same battles will have to be fought all over again in 12 months, with no guarantee of better success. The President, with his strategic vision, offered a budget worth fighting for.

Then, almost immediately, it disappeared. The President, apparently sensitized by the media's years of portraying him as an uncaring skinflint, seemed unwilling publicly to associate himself with the fight for any particular cut. He made no serious effort to sell the budget's virtues, its populist thrust, to the people. Granted the President was preoccupied with tax reform, and tax reform is more important. Still, a blitz and quick victory on the budget would have augmented Reagan's own political authority and boosted Congress's and the country's confidence in the government's ability to handle its financial affairs, thus bracing them for the risks of tax reform. Without Reagan on the ground, however, defeat was inevitable. Yet,

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against a woozy enemy, victory would have been just as inevitable had the battle ever been joined. An important opportunity has been lost.

The 'Confirmation' Process

AFTER HIS 49-state landslide, you would think the President's scope in nominating people for posts in the Administration would have been enhanced. The opposite has occurred. Liberals in the Senate have dug in to harass the Administration through the confirmation process, liberal Republicans sometimes siding with Democrats under some sort of respectable cover to make the difference. This represents an ongoing ideological effort to reverse the results of the 1984 landslide. The message being sent is perfectly clear: Name liberals, or face big trouble.

We know all about Ed Meese's narrow escape. His subsequent behavior as Attorney General has abundantly borne out liberal fears, which were not about his cufflinks at all. We know also what happened to William Bradford Reynolds, a thoroughly qualified nominee whom the Administration threw out of the sledge. The big deal, of course, for which all of this is the warmup, will be those coming Supreme Court nominations. Unless the Administration is willing to play political hardball in the Senate, and unless the President himself is willing to use all of the clout available to him, then Robert Bork, or someone like him, is going to be the Clement Haynsworth of the 1980s.

With that for prolegomenon, turn now to eight Reagan nominees for the National Council of the Endowment for the Humanities, a small ($130-million) agency, but one of considerable cultural influence.

It has been a classic operation. First you mobilize a Carter council appointee, in this case Richard Lyman, former president of Stanford and now head of the Rockefeller Foundation, plus a few disgruntled former council members, such as the feminist historian Mary Beth Norton of Cornell. You have no trouble getting a story in the *New York Times*. "I find the list disturbing," said Lyman. Three of the nominees have "no academic qualifications."

Let it pass that one of Mr. Lyman's patrons, Blanche Rockefeller, a former council member, had "no academic qualifications." Let it not pass, however, that the council is not supposed to be dominated by academics; over the years, it has included businessmen, lawyers, labor leaders, real-estate men and women, filmmakers, and so on. It is supposed to do so, in order to provide a breadth of experience in judging applications and making policy.

Senators Claiborne Pell, Edward Kennedy, and Paul Simon—bouncing off the Lyman statements—have been prominent in their public opposition to the Reagan nominees. Senator Simon, recent victor over Charles Percy in Illinois, distinguished himself by writing, or at least signing, a letter to the President, full of grammatical and syntactical errors, questioning the nominees' qualifications.

The credentials of the eight nominees: a historian of Basque culture, visiting professor of history, and community leader; the holder of a chair at the University of Chicago; a Georgetown professor; the publisher of a magazine of the arts; a couple of community leaders in matters regarding the humanities, widely recognized as such. And on we go, as distinguished a slate of nominees as there has been so far in NEH history, and an admirable mixture of backgrounds and experience.

The senators should stop playing games. Everyone knows the game they are playing.

Please Call the Undertakers

The District of Columbia
  Last Thursday was denied
The right to represent itself,
  When its amendment died.
Though 16 signified assent,
  The other states stood pat,
Preferring to allow the thing
  To slide back in the vat.

W. H. VON DREELE

Morrie Ryskind, R I P

IN 1960, Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon was the *ne plus ultra* liberal in Washington. He announced that he was a candidate for his party's presidential nomination. The big question—could Morse win?—was to be settled in an all-important primary on May 3. NATIONAL REVIEW asked Morrie Ryskind to cover the campaign and the contest.

His article began with an extensive account of the Morse platform, which incorporated every policy plank opposed by Morrie Ryskind. He went on to recount his heightened tension as primary day approached:

> The night of May 3, as I sat in my living room nervously twisting both radio and TV dials while awaiting news of the returns of the Washington primary, I was well fortified with jars of vitamins, aspirin, Bufferin, anti-acids, tranquilizers, and smelling-salts. I hadn't shaved because my wife had apparently mislaid my razor blades in her weekly clean-up, so I was slightly embarrassed when two strangers, in white uniforms, came in. My wife explained that they were new members of her PTA board and she had asked them over for a cup of coffee. Why they carried that straitjacket I'll never know, but then I don't try to keep up with all my wife's committees. My doctor,

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passing by, happened to drop in in time for coffee: He had apparently just operated on somebody in the neighborhood, because he was still toting some chloroform and a jar of blood plasma. Luckily he knew the men in white, so I didn't have to waste any time in social chit-chat and could stay with the dials.

As the returns began to come in, I unbelievingly kept switching knobs from station to station: but one and all carried the same blessed story. Not only was Humphrey bashing Morse's brains out, but even Adlai, unlisted on the ballot, was pulling a bigger vote. I remember the rest of that night only vaguely: I know only that I chased the PTA boys out of the house, hurling Morsian epithets and all my vitamins, tranquilizers, etc., after them; I hazily recall that we had only one bottle of Napoleon brandy left, but there were several bottles of Scotch and bourbon, and, when they ran out, the doc graciously donated his chloroform; and that, since then, my ulcer is gone.

That was the same man who wrote *Animal Crackers* for the Marx Brothers, and *A Night at the Opera*, and who won the Pulitzer Prize in 1932 for *Of Thee I Sing*. His picture appeared last week on the front page of the *New York Times*, whose account of Morrie Ryskind's life noted that after the Second World War he stopped writing comedies and screenplays and devoted himself substantially to politics and political writing. It was not widely known (although Morrie Ryskind often recited it as a fact) that after the war the Left was in such thorough control of Hollywood that an anti-Communist activist had trouble finding work. One of the great superstitions of the century is that there was only the one, anti-Communist blacklist during the Forties and Fifties. There were two: and the anti-anti-Communist blacklist was by far the more pervasive.

It is in one sense good that Morrie Ryskind was otherwise unengaged during 1954 and 1955, because without him it is doubtful that this journal would ever have been launched. Morrie and Mary Ryskind gave not less than twenty receptions for the young man from the East Coast who was trying to raise the capital necessary to found the journal. They came, a half-dozen or a dozen potential stockholders, largely because Morrie asked them to: He was difficult to turn down, because of his humor, the frantic intensity of his opinions, his universal kindness. He would then write or call his guests, and wrest from them pledges that, dollar by dollar, crawled up toward the magic figure that brought life to NATIONAL REVIEW in November of 1955. Morrie Ryskind wrote a piece for the first issue. He was a director of *NR* from the first day. We mourn him as a friend, are bereft as fellow Americans, and wish for his wife and children the consolation they must feel in having known so long and been loved so much by so good and talented an American. —WFB

Playing for Keeps

Though Tinker Bell and Peter Pan
  Used fairy dust to fly,
The KGB prefers a can
  That's not for beddy-bye.

W. H. VON DREELE

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

All the boys and girls here in the quality-control lab at Signs and Wonders, Inc., want to thank you for your efforts on behalf of the English language. We have only one minor criticism, and that is that you don't go *quite* far enough. It is all very well to throw a few velleities and enthymemes at people of good will, but none of these words is sufficiently universe-boggling to handle some of the sterquilinians that increasingly hound the righteous in, lo! these End Times. What you need is *cactolith*! The unabridged *Glossary of Geology* (American Geological Institute, 1974) defines this wonderful word as follows: "a quasihorizontal chonolith composed of anastomosing ductoliths whose distal ends curl like a harpolith, thin like a sphenolith, or bulge discordantly like an akmolith or ethmolith."

Now, this won't make you ready for absolutely everything, but you have to admit, it should help a lot.

Sincerely,
Michael R. Facundus
Lab Spokesman
Signs and Wonders, Inc.
Kingwood, Tex.

☐ Memo to: WFB
From: Joe Sobran

You may be approaching the whole subject of current pop music [*NR*, Sept. 6] with the wrong paradigm in mind. You like Bach; he offers the beauty of a sound that is not only lively but also orderly, demanding and rewarding an auricular intelligence. But if you bring that intelligence to rock, it will be frustrated, baffled. Your ear (if not your mind) will think, "Gee, this stuff is over my head. I haven't caught on"—the way Tom Wolfe says he used to feel in the presence of Abstract Expressionism: "Maybe if I just keep looking, someday there'll be this great flash." Well, some of it offers certain modest musical satisfactions, but a lot of it isn't even meant to. Any more than Jackson Pollock is trying to give you the experience Raphael gives you. It's not easy to sort things out, but rock is a social event to a great extent. Its very de-

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fiance of the Bing Crosby model (never mind Bach, which it's unaware of) is the starting point. Kids like unstructured noise, unless you call repetition structure. The very fact that our parents don't like it and wouldn't be here at this rock concert means the whole thing is *ours*. We aren't detached connoisseurs; we're immersed in a big scene whose parts aren't detachable from each other. Witness the rock video, an attempt to duplicate an experience that isn't really conveyed by a mere record. This experience isn't akin to the pleasure of listening to a record of a harpsichord playing the Italian Concerto. I'm not denigrating it—just more or less identifying it.

Think of Marlon Brando. Some people used to hate his acting because he didn't look or sound like Gielgud or Barrymore. But that was just the point: He used his reedy little voice to sound "authentic"—and if you were open to the effect, it was powerful. Bob Dylan was the musical equivalent: He had a scratchy voice that wasn't even trying to sound like Vaughn Monroe, and he was accompanied by primitive instruments like guitar and harmonica. His lyrics were anti-lyrical—social protest and all that. But even the protest wasn't meant literally: It was for aesthetic effect, as Nat Hentoff found out in an interview when he tried to pin Dylan down to making a prosaic political statement. (Dylan finally said in exasperation, "I wonder if Tony Bennett has to go through this.") Later, Dylan scandalized his leftist admirers who took the folk-music bit seriously: He started using an electric guitar, and was booed off the stage. He went from neo-folk to rock. The folk stuff had been artificial too, as he acknowledged but his earnest left-lib fans wouldn't. He was just changing conventions, but they saw it as betraying Nature or the Proletariat or something.

To give you an idea of how important the musical component of this scene really is, the first time I heard Dylan was in the office of a young bohemian prof of mine who played two songs before he realized the record player was on the wrong speed. Today Dylan is as close to a grandfatherly figure as the rock culture admits of. The young 'uns are light years away from him. They're diverse; some of them carry tunes very well, but it's optional. The main thing is the mass ecstasy, the hypnosis, effects that go with the drugs and sex. Not that this is what all the fans are after; you can enjoy any particular strand of the whole thing you like, including the music. But the music isn't the "whole thing," and you can waste your time if you assume it is. Of course you may be wasting your time if you understand it; but I'm not moralizing here. The kids are having various kinds of fun together, and most of them aren't distinguishing the elements very much.

If you read *Rolling Stone*, you'll find that the rock culture has some solemn exegetes who want to make it sound like the sort of thing you can write serious criticism about. They all sound phony to me—as if they're impersonating the grownups. If you read a few issues of *RS* without hearing any of the music, the music would come as a terrible shock. Most of the market, after all, is dumb kids, so don't feel you're missing out on a valuable aspect of modern culture. Only its size gives it any importance. Here and there it has things you can enjoy; other than that I can't say much about it.

☐ Memo to: WFB
From: Bill von Dreele

Had a nice letter, see attached. The verse Mr. Hughes referred to was "Negative Portents," also attached. Thought you'd like to see.

Negative Portents

I see Pan Am's Pacific routes
Are going down financial chutes
And Coca-Cola's being laced
With glop to rival Pepsi's taste.
I don't say these events portend
A speed-up toward a nasty end,
But like the man who wears a truss,
They're definitely not a plus.

W. H. von Dreele

Dear Mr. von Dreele:

In at least two of his books Victor Lasky deplores the practice of contemporary newspapers that print smear charges on page one, and then bury the retractions three weeks later "back on page 34 with the truss ads." I once urged Mr. Lasky to say next time, "with the *Brooks* truss ads," and he thought it was very funny.

And now it pains me to see yet another troubadour of sensible politics—W. H. von Dreele—maligning our honorable industry!

Wearing a truss is very definitely a plus for over a million people in the U.S. today, mostly on the elderly side of life, who have had the good sense to dig in and refuse unnecessary or unwise surgery.

In the event that you yourself today find it necessary to wear some kind of a hernia support, I would be delighted to present you with a custom-made BROOKS absolutely free of charge. Merely return a completed measure blank to my attention. A man of your talents should not be suffering with one of those instruments of torture manufactured by our competitors.

Best wishes,
L. Brooks Hughes
President
Brooks Appliance Company
Marshall, Mich.

—WFB

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DEAR DIARY

RANCHO DEL CIELO. What difference does it make if you feel great when you look sick? Since they took that cancerous bit off my nose, the doctors are telling me to wear PABA 16 sunscreen whenever I go outdoors. I've had a tan ever since I was a lifeguard. Now, all of a sudden, I'm pale and every wrinkle shows, so much so that someone mentioned it to me at the last Cabinet meeting, joking that paleness might become the latest "in" thing. How long will it be before the press starts saying that the President doesn't look well? Once you create the perception of sickness, people start treating you differently.

I'll put it down here for the first time, dear diary, and historians can say later whether I was right or wrong. The hardest stretch we'll ever have in this Administration is coming up in the next four months. Controlling the agenda has been my *forte*, but the upcoming situation seems hopeless. Look at this sea of troubles: the budget (yet again) with all the talk of veto strategies; the deficit and the vote on the $2-trillion debt ceiling (which Dole will milk for all it's worth); farm-belt woes; the import flood; South Africa; immigration; tax reform; and, right in the middle of it, the Summit.

Tax reform is the biggest thing on the horizon, but who's behind it besides Rostenkowski and me? We may get a bill from the House, thanks to him, but it'll be gutted. At best, the state/local business will be watered down, at worst out altogether. Oh, I'll go on the road to push reform with four trips in September (Nancy permitting) and as many in October, leading up to the House vote. But how can I stay on it beyond then if I'm to get up to speed for nine hours with Mikhail Gorbachev in the third week of November?

I hate to admit it, but tax reform looks dead. A tax bill, yes, but no reform. A majority of the senators were never in favor of it anyway, and the hard feelings between the Republican senators and me (and Don Regan) are as bad as I've seen, and are not going to soften quickly. In fairness to the senators, they weren't given very good signals. Stockman probably convinced Dole and Domenici that he could sell the oil tax and the hold on Social Security COLAs to me, and of course we killed that idea, but not fast enough. Dole and Domenici asked Don Regan to give them a few days, and Don did, whereas he should have shot it down right off the bat.

Dole is complicating everything. He has his own ambitions, his own agenda, and he's looking to the Senate leadership caucus for guidance, not to the White House. Nobody will march in lockstep any more. The senators will use the budget negotiations as an excuse to be against us on tax reform. Why alienate your special-interest constituencies (which support your PACs) only to get so-called tax reform that has no revenue-enhancement, deficit-reduction features?

Dole's disaffection goes beyond Dole. With 22 of them up for re-election, Senate Republicans have decided to do their own thing. "Reagan isn't going to help us, we've seen that," they'll say. "So we'll politely ignore him. Whatever budget figures he sends up, forget them." To protect themselves politically, Senate Republicans will dismiss me as "a nice guy, but out of it," and beat up on the "power-hungry" Don Regan.

Poor Don. He's doing a terrific job as chief of staff, but there's never been anyone in that job who came to it with such a high profile. Who ever heard of Jim Baker, or Dick Cheney, or Bob Haldeman? Don was a successful businessman, and he was a high-profile Treasury Secretary. What he's got to get is buffers. When Baker was here, he would always tell people who asked for political favors, "You've got to see Ed Rollins." Rollins would say no, and Baker would be the court of last resort, if need be. But Don's the court of first resort, which means that he gets all the credit, but he also gets all the blame, and so far the blame's been heavy.

On top of all this, we have the economy. People say I ignore the deficit. What a laugh. Does anyone believe that we can continue to put out the kind of money we are spending now beyond our budget without its having an effect? True, the American people don't understand deficits. But it's only a question of time before the news media put someone on TV who says, "Interest rates went up today, and the reason is the $200-billion deficit." Or, "Unemployment went up today, and the reason is the $2-trillion national debt." Then, all of a sudden, the American public, which understands interest rates and unemployment, will magically understand the deficit. So the deficit becomes a political nightmare, and the only way out will be to raise taxes. We can't cut spending, not a penny, during an election year.

MEANWHILE, alas, there's the Summit, the most important event of all. If I don't do well there, the young man in the Kremlin will cut the old man in the White House down to size, and dominate the world stage for the next three years. It's a big roll. No wonder Bud McFarlane has already loaded me up with four sets of background papers, two more to come, with full-scale briefings to start after Labor Day.

Nancy laughs when I tell her that I've had the funny feeling lately that I'm ripe for political plucking. She says it's just a little mood swing after my surgery. Well, I don't think it's that at all. The problem is, I'm up to my keister in alligators, and there's no way to drain the swamp. □

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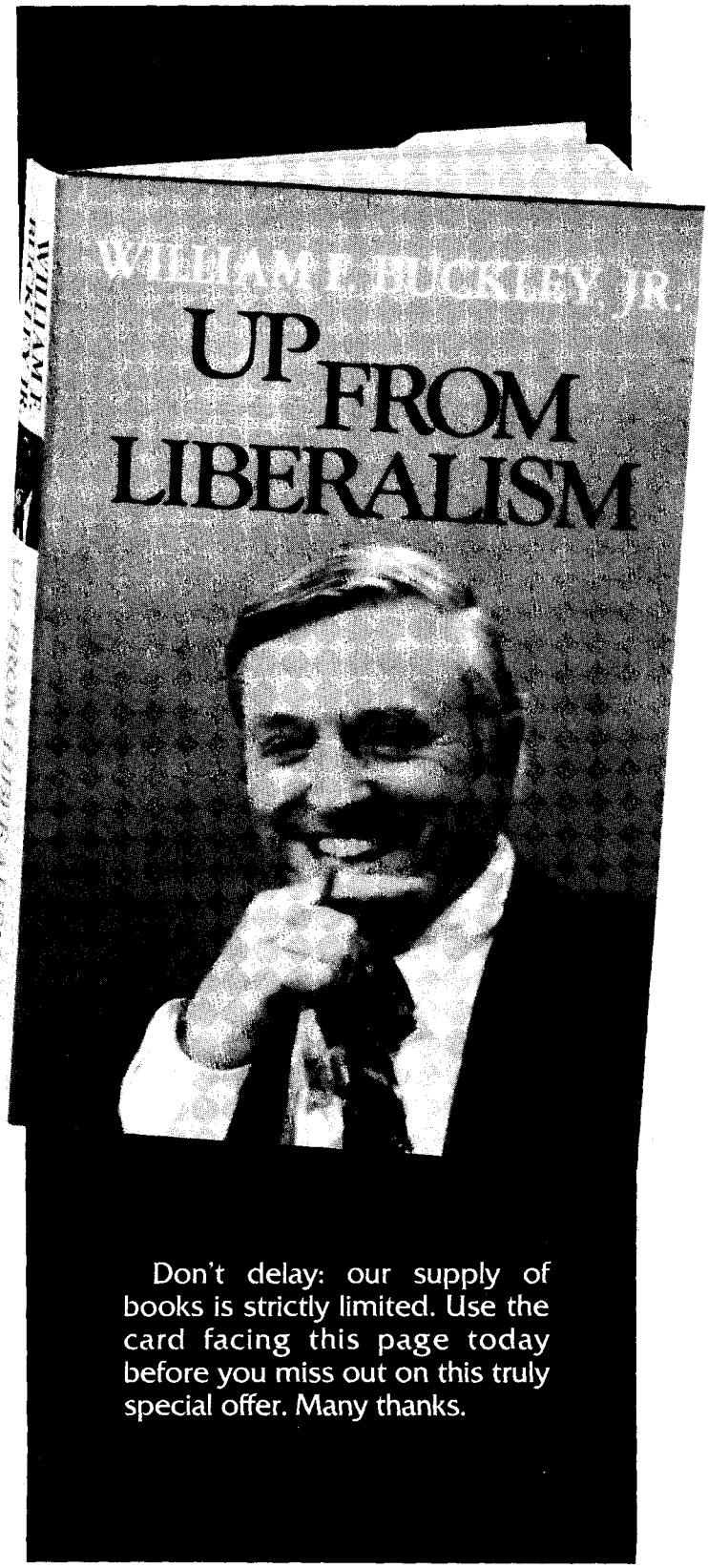

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RED BLOSSOMS IN SPAIN

RECENT EVENTS in Spain provide a striking example of those abuses of diplomatic privilege, by the Soviet Union and other Soviet-bloc countries, that President Reagan denounced in his speech of June 29.

In a remarkable piece of positive investigative journalism, the Madrid news magazine *Cambio 16* reported that considerable sums have been made available to the pro-Soviet Communist Party (PC) in Spain through the Soviet and Czechoslovakian embassies, and indirectly through the "Democratic Republic" in East Germany.

Let us come back to this funding later. Meanwhile, some necessary background. The great losers in the Spanish Civil War of the late 1930s were the Spanish Communist Party (PCE: note the subtle but significant difference between PCE and PC) and Stalin's ruling party in Moscow (CPSU).

The veteran Spanish Communist leader, Santiago Carrillo, tried in the late 1970s, after Franco's death, to give his party the electoral appeal of apparent independence from Moscow by sailing under the Eurocommunist banner. Indeed, he wrote a book entitled *Eurocomunismo* to establish his credentials.

He took his distance from Moscow and nominated as his successor a longtime protégé named Gerardo Iglesias. Well, what happened next, a couple of years ago, was that the PCE split down the middle (as the British Communist Party did not long ago, by the way). A new Communist Party, totally aligned with Moscow, emerged, led by another veteran of Civil War days, Ignacio Gallego. (As a young man, Gallego had indeed led a youth battalion fighting against Franco. Later on, he fought alongside the Red Army in the defense of Moscow against Hitler's hordes.) To distinguish itself from Carrillo's PCE, the new party dropped the "E" (for *Español*), calling itself simply the PC.

Politically, Gallego is now doing a good deal better than his mentor Carrillo, who, for his pains, was recently expelled from his own PCE. To say that Gallego is doing well, relatively speaking, does not refer to the electoral appeal of the PC, for it polled a miserable 3.8 per cent of the vote in the general elections of October 1982. No, what I mean is that thanks to the generous funds provided by or through Moscow, the PC is extending its tentacles in a somewhat alarming manner.

Since the 1982 elections, Gallego has made at least two visits to Moscow: in February 1984, on the occasion of the funeral of Yuri Andropov, and on May 21 of the same year. On each occasion, Gallego had lengthy discussions with that veteran of veterans, Boris Ponomarev, who for many years has run the International Department of the Soviet party's Central Committee, a direct lineal descendant of Lenin's Comintern.

With them were Ponomarev's Number Two, Vagim Zagladin, and the International Department's Iberian specialist, Vladimir Pertsov. There have been many other such trips by lesser members of the PC, all expenses paid by the Soviet embassy in Madrid. Moreover, dozens of discreet (and some not so discreet) meetings have taken place between members of the Soviet embassy and members of the PC.

The results of these contacts have been spectacular. A purge in the Spain-USSR Association has seen the departure of the Eurocommunists and other undesirables. New PC headquarters have been opened in nearly all Spanish provinces. Moreover, last September, Zurab Abashidze, a Soviet hardliner said to have KGB links, arrived in the Soviet embassy to set up liaison with the purged Spain-USSR Association.

To cap all this, the PC is about to open imposing national headquarters in Madrid, at an estimated cost of one hundred million pesetas (over $600,000), and is organizing an international festival for the coming fall, to cost some fifty million pesetas. America's own Angela Davis will be there, along with a group of Black Panthers and a large-scale, well-choreographed visitation from the USSR.

Gallego naturally brushes aside any suggestion that this money is of tainted Soviet origin (although he would not call it "tainted" anyway). PC leaders claim, as self-respecting pro-Soviet Reds normally do, that the money for the new HQ has been raised largely by the sacrifices of individual members, plus a loan from the Banco Popular.

Moscow's Money

THAT IS NOT the view of the Spanish security services. Nor is it the view either of *Cambio 16*, or of the French news magazine *Le Point*, which carried an informative article last fall about the Spanish industrialist Ramón Mendoza, president of the Real Madrid football team. Mendoza, it stated, is one of the new "Red millionaires," said to have made $250 million in Spanish-Soviet commercial deals through his export business, Prodag, and to be generously disposed toward the PC. (I have to add that Mendoza denies any close links with Moscow.)

On June 17 last, Ponomarev led a delegation of Soviet "parliamentarians" to Spain to strengthen "links with democratic institutions" (such as the PC).

Do not suppose that all this activity is of purely Spanish interest. The point is that the Soviet-backed PC is leading the offensive against Spain's membership in NATO (to be put to the test of a referendum). It was the PC that spearheaded the hostile demonstrations against Ronald Reagan's visit to Spain in May, and, specifically, flooded city streets with anti-Reagan posters depicting the President in the guise of an invading creature from outer space. Moscow's money is being well spent. □

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RICHARD NIXON

HOW TO LIVE WITH THE BOMB

THE AWESOME destructive power of nuclear weapons has blinded many observers to the positive role this very power has played in ending wars and preserving peace over the past forty years. Nuclear weapons ended World War II, have prevented World War III, helped to end the Korean War, and played a decisive role in deterring Soviet aggression in crises in Europe, the Mideast, and the Caribbean. This positive role is most dramatically illustrated by the fact that two powers with diametrically opposed political philosophies and geopolitical interests have not resorted to arms to settle those differences. The prospect of nuclear destruction has certainly encouraged this restraint.

Some critics question the wisdom of President Truman's decision to use the atomic bomb to end World War II. Three hundred twenty thousand civilians died at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. But it has been estimated that the alternative —an invasion of Japan—would have resulted in the deaths of more than a million American and Japanese troops, as well as at least a million civilian casualties.

It was a terrible tragedy that so many Japanese civilians lost their lives at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. But we tend to forget that the policy of deliberately attacking enemy cities in order to break the enemy's will predated Hiroshima. Eighty-three thousand Japanese civilians were killed in three nights in the firebombing of Tokyo, 35,000 in one night in Dresden, and 42,000 in two nights in Hamburg. For every civilian killed by nuclear weapons in World War II, one hundred civilians were killed by conventional weapons. The question is not whether using nuclear weapons can be morally justified but whether deliberately attacking civilian targets by conventional *or* nuclear weapons can be morally justified. The key questions about nuclear weapons as such lie elsewhere.

There is a growing tendency among nuclear revisionists to downgrade the decisive role nuclear diplomacy has played in preserving peace since 1945. But the historical record does not support their position. When four key conditions are met, nuclear diplomacy can be very effective:

► A vital interest of the United States must be at stake.

► The United States must have a margin of nuclear superiority.

► Conventional weaponry must be inadequate to achieve our objective.

► The President's will to order whatever action is necessary to protect U.S. interests must be unquestioned.

In four important postwar cases—Korea in 1953, the Suez in 1956, Berlin in 1959, and the Cuban Missile Crisis of 1962—those conditions were met, and the United States successfully used nuclear diplomacy to end a war or preserve peace.

President Eisenhower had pledged to end the Korean War during the 1952 election campaign. Vital American interests were at stake; a Communist victory in Korea would have had a devastating effect on a weak, unarmed Japan and would have encouraged increased Communist aggression throughout Asia. U.S. public opinion would not tolerate either a continued stalemate or an increase in conventional forces and, consequently, in American casualties.

After his election, Eisenhower went to Korea and examined his options. It was evident that a vast increase in conventional forces would be required to break the stalemate and force the enemy to conclude a just peace settlement. Eisenhower, however, adamantly opposed an expanded, prolonged ground war in Asia.

With Eisenhower's approval, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles informed India's delegate to the United Nations, Krishna Menon, who had good relations with both Communist China and the Soviet Union, that the President's patience was wearing thin and that he was considering the use of nuclear weapons to end the war. The United States had overwhelming nuclear superiority at the time, and Eisenhower, who had served as supreme commander of Allied forces in Europe in World War II, had unimpeachable credibility as a leader who would do whatever was necessary to protect U.S. interests. As a result, the enemy agreed to the armistice agreement ending the war in July 1953.

Although other factors played a role in persuading the Communist Chinese and the North Koreans, as well as their Soviet allies, to accept an armistice, the skillful exercise of nuclear diplomacy was the decisive one. Without nuclear diplomacy the Korean War would have dragged on for months or years, and thousands more American and South Korean lives would have been lost.

Eisenhower again employed nuclear diplomacy during the Suez crisis. In late October 1956, Britain and France sent expeditionary forces to seize the Suez Canal in order to protect their vital lifeline to the oil of the Middle East.

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General Al Gruenther, the NATO commander, delivered our response. He warned that if Khrushchev followed through on his threats, 'Moscow would be destroyed as night follows day'

Eisenhower, in a decision he later regretted, put pressure on our allies to withdraw and settle the issue diplomatically. In early November, Khrushchev demanded that the United States join the Soviet Union in sending forces in to compel the British and French to withdraw. Eisenhower flatly refused. One week later, Khrushchev threatened to intervene unilaterally and to use his rockets against Britain and France should they resist. General Al Gruenther, the NATO commander, delivered our response in a press conference. He warned that if Khrushchev followed through with his threats, "Moscow would be destroyed as night follows day."

Khrushchev backed down. The United States subsequently played the major role in restoring peace—and the Soviet Union for years thereafter was deterred from intervening in Mideast affairs.

Once again, the conditions for successful nuclear diplomacy were met. The vital interests of the United States were clearly involved, since we could not tolerate the further humiliation of our British and French allies or the threat that the Soviet Union would gain a foothold at the Suez Canal, one of the world's strategic choke points. The conventional option was not viable. The United States had overwhelming strategic superiority over the Soviet Union. And Eisenhower had unquestioned credibility as a strong military leader.

Nuclear diplomacy was always an important factor during the recurring Berlin crises. The most dramatic example came in 1959. In violation of agreements with the United States, Britain, and France, the Soviet Union threatened to conclude a separate peace treaty with the Communist East German regime. This would have had the effect of denying to the United States and its allies our access to Berlin and our occupation rights. It also would have undermined Adenauer's government in West Germany and would have done irreparable damage to the United States by raising doubts among our allies about whether we would stand up for our rights and theirs against Soviet probes.

Eisenhower addressed the issue at a press conference on March 11, 1959. His new budget had cut fifty thousand ground troops from our conventional forces. He was asked whether in view of the crisis in Berlin he planned to reverse that decision and send additional ground troops to Europe. He replied by saying, "We are certainly not going to fight a ground war in Europe." He then asked a rhetorical question: "What possible good could a few thousand more Americans in Berlin do when the East Germans have 500,000 there, and 172 Soviet divisions are in the neighborhood?" One reporter asked about using nuclear weapons. Eisenhower speculated at length about how destructive they were, questioned whether they could "free anything," and observed that "nuclear war as a general thing looks to me a self-defeating thing for all of us." This answer led some unsophisticated observers to conclude he meant he would never use nuclear weapons. But he closed the conference by saying categorically, "We will do what is necessary to protect ourselves. We are never going to back up on our rights and responsibilities." He added: "We . . . might as well all of us understand this: I didn't say that nuclear war is a complete impossibility."

Four days later, General White, U.S. Air Force Chief of Staff, spelled out the policy unequivocally. He was asked in a congressional hearing what he meant by saying that, on the one hand, we were staying in Berlin and, on the other hand, we were cutting back on our ground forces. He replied bluntly that he meant this would require the use of nuclear weapons.

Khrushchev continued to bluster over the Berlin issue but did not carry out his threat to act unilaterally.

When Khrushchev put nuclear missiles into Cuba in 1962, Kennedy's nuclear diplomacy was unspoken, but it was the key to the successful resolution of the crisis.

Kennedy demanded that the Soviet Union remove the missiles and backed up his demand with a naval blockade. When confronted with a threat to board and search a Russian freighter, Khrushchev countered by asserting that this "would make talk useless," bring into action "the forces of war," and have "irretrievably fatal consequences." The threat of nuclear war was implicit. When Kennedy called his bluff, Khrushchev backed down. After intensive negotiations, Khrushchev removed the missiles, and Kennedy removed U.S. intermediate-range missiles from Turkey and agreed not to support anti-Castro invasion forces in the future.

Some Kennedy Administration officials today contend that it was our overwhelming conventional superiority, not our nuclear superiority, that played the decisive role. But if the Soviet Union rather than the United States had had nuclear superiority, it is unlikely that our conventional superiority would have persuaded Khrushchev to back down.

The Cuban Missile Crisis was a watershed in the history of nuclear diplomacy. Khrushchev played a weak hand very well. Despite his nuclear inferiority, he used the fear of nuclear war and his own rashness and unpredictability to get a far better bargain than his military position entitled him to. For the first time since Hiroshima, the credibility of U.S. nuclear superiority had been seriously questioned—and the Soviets made it clear that they would do everything they could to overcome it. Deputy Foreign Minister Kuznetsov told American negotiator John McCloy, "You Americans will never be able to do this to us again."

We now needed to learn to live in a new strategic world. The days of our nuclear superiority were numbered. After the Cuban Missile Crisis, the Soviet Union began a massive nuclear buildup with the goal of gaining superi-

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ority. The United States did exactly the opposite. Rather than seeking to retain our superiority, Defense Secretary McNamara decided to deploy one thousand land-based strategic missiles and to stop at that number. He assumed that our unilateral restraint would prompt the Soviet Union to stop its deployments as soon as it drew even. This was a tragic miscalculation. The Soviets surpassed us and kept building land-based missiles until they had 1,620. Our unilateral restraint resulted in a unilateral advantage for the Soviet Union.

When I entered the White House as President in 1969, I found a very different world from the one I had known when I left Washington eight years before. The United States no longer had nuclear superiority; while we still had a decisive lead in strategic aircraft and missile-carrying submarines, the Soviet Union was moving ahead of us in the most powerful and accurate nuclear forces—land-based strategic missiles. China had joined the nuclear club in 1964. The Sino-Soviet split, which had begun in 1959 and had become irreversible in 1961, had changed the geopolitical balance of power in Asia. And 550,000 American troops were in Vietnam fighting a war in which the enemy was supported by both China and the Soviet Union.

I had three priorities: to end the war in Vietnam in a way that would serve our foreign-policy interests; to establish a new relationship with the Soviet Union and China; and to prevent the Soviets from capitalizing on their growing power by using nuclear diplomacy against us as we had used it against them during the era of American superiority. To achieve this last goal, we had to be prepared either to control the nuclear-arms race through negotiations or to build up U.S. forces again.

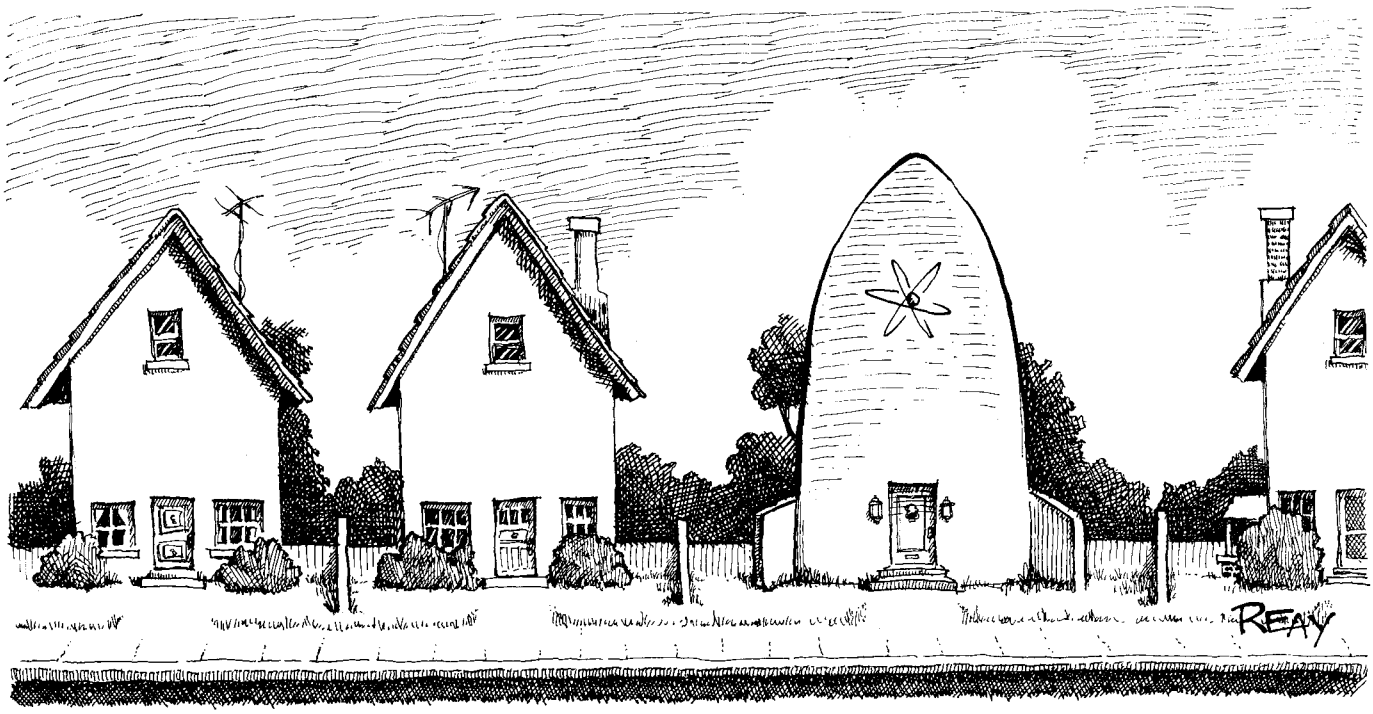
Our primary concern was the growing threat of Soviet strategic missiles to our ground-based missile force. President Johnson had initiated an anti-ballistic-missile program called Sentinel that would have provided what was termed a thin defense of population—effective against an attack by a minor nuclear power like China but not against an all-out attack by a major nuclear power. We changed this program to one called Safeguard, designed to protect our missile sites from a pre-emptive Soviet attack.

Our program got the Kremlin's attention. The Soviets had advocated building defensive-missile forces in 1962; now they wanted to limit our defensive-weapons program. Though they had already deployed a defensive system around Moscow, they feared our superior technology. We, on the other hand, wanted to limit their offensive buildup. Our SALT I agreements became possible only when we succeeded in forging a link between the two. The ABM treaty limited each of us to building two defensive-weapons sites, and we both signed an interim agreement limiting offensive systems.

A common misconception is that SALT I froze the United States into an inferior position and led to the Kremlin's present superiority in strategic land-based missiles. In fact, the agreements stopped no planned U.S. program. In 1972, 1973, and 1974, we went forward with the B-1 bomber, the MX missile, the Trident submarine, the cruise missile, and the neutron bomb—all of which were permitted under SALT I. The Congress, however, delayed these programs by cutting back my appropriations requests and those of President Ford. President Carter canceled the B-1 and neutron-bomb programs and delayed the MX and the Trident. If these programs had been fully funded, the Soviet Union would not have gained its present superiority.

It was the same well-intentioned miscalculation that McNamara had made 15 years before—that restraint on our part would lead to restraint on theirs. On the contrary, as Defense Secretary Brown testified in 1980, the Soviets reacted to cuts in our defense budgets with increases in theirs.

The loss of clear nuclear superiority also made managing regional crises much more difficult. In 1973, I confronted almost the same crisis in the Mideast that Eisenhower had faced in 1956. During the Yom Kippur War, after suffering initial setbacks, Israel, with the help of our massive airlift, encircled the Egyptian Third Army. Brezhnev demanded that the United States join him in sending



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Our strategic interests were as clear-cut as they had been in 1956. But there was a profound difference in the 1973 crisis: The United States no longer had decisive strategic superiority

"peace-keeping" forces into the Mideast to force a settlement on Israel. We firmly declined and urged diplomatic rather than military action. Brezhnev threatened to intervene unilaterally. When we picked up reports that Soviet forces were embarking on troop transports, we warned Brezhnev that we would not tolerate unilateral intervention and emphasized our determination by putting our conventional and nuclear forces on alert. Brezhnev backed down and joined us in supporting a diplomatic settlement.

Our strategic interests were as clear-cut as they had been in 1956. But there was a profound difference in the 1973 crisis: The United States no longer had decisive strategic superiority. In retrospect, I think two factors contributed to the success of our diplomacy—presidential credibility and Brezhnev's stake in détente. Brezhnev respected my record coming into the 1973 crisis, for I had ordered the bombing and mining of North Vietnam three weeks before the Moscow summit in 1972 and had strongly resisted his demands at our summit in 1973 that we impose a settlement on Israel. Brezhnev also had an interest in continuing détente—and we had made it clear that unilateral intervention by the Soviet Union in the Mideast would bring it to an end.

But it was a close call. Those who contend that superiority is irrelevant in the nuclear age overlook the fact that it was very useful to us when we had it—and therefore would be very damaging to us if we were to allow the Soviet Union to attain it.

Our nuclear superiority is gone. President Reagan came into office with the Soviets holding decisive superiority in both strategic and intermediate-range land-based missiles. His defense buildup has begun to rectify the balance but has not yet done so. Without a sharply increased U.S. budget for nuclear weapons or a verifiable arms-control agreement based on equality, the Soviet Union will gain decisive strategic superiority. We will be unable to use nuclear diplomacy to deter Soviet probes in the Mideast, Berlin, the Caribbean, or anywhere else. Our ability to resist Soviet nuclear blackmail will be highly questionable.

When each has the power to destroy the other many times over, what difference does superiority make? Winston Churchill pointed out the difference forty years ago when the United States had a nuclear monopoly: "No one in any country has slept less well in their beds because this knowledge [of the atomic bomb] and the method and the raw materials to apply it are at present largely retained in American hands. I do not believe we should all have slept so soundly had the positions been reversed and if some Communist or neo-Fascist state monopolized for the time being these dread agencies."

By contrast, a member of the Carter Administration's National Security Council staff once said, "It might be to our advantage to allow U.S. superiority to fade away. . . . [If we had weapons superiority] I suspect we would occasionally use it as a way of throwing our weight around in some very risky ways."

Those who take this view fail to understand that the United States and the Soviet Union have diametrically opposed foreign-policy goals. The Soviet Union is an offensive power with the goal of extending its domination over non-Communist nations. The United States is a defensive power with the goal of preserving peace and freedom. Thus, the Soviets' nuclear planning is based on recognizing the possibility of war, initiating it, and winning it. Our nuclear planning is based on retaining a retaliatory capability that will deter a war.

Those who claim that the Soviet Union, too, is basically a defensive power and that it arms only because we do are peddling a tired myth that cannot stand up to the historical record:

► In 1946, when the United States had a monopoly on nuclear weapons, the Soviets rejected the Baruch Plan, under which the United States would have agreed to turn over to the United Nations control of all nuclear energy and five years later our weapons technology as well. At that time the use of nuclear weapons would be banned.

► In 1953, the Soviets rejected Eisenhower's Atoms for Peace plan, under which all nuclear nations would turn over fissionable material to the United Nations for scientific research. Since our programs were more advanced, we offered to turn over five times as much material as the Soviet Union.

► In 1955, the Soviets rejected President Eisenhower's Open Skies proposal, which called on both sides to exchange blueprints of their military establishments and to permit aerial surveillance.

► In the 1960s, the Soviets responded to Secretary McNamara's decision to stop our deployment of land-based missiles at one thousand by moving ahead of us and deploying sixteen hundred twenty.

► In the late 1970s, the Soviets responded to President Carter's cutbacks in nuclear-weapons programs by sharply increasing spending on their own. In every case, the Soviet answer to U.S. nuclear restraint has been to move ahead.

One indication of the Soviets' strategic thinking is that they are spending as much on population defense as on offensive weapons and twice as much as we spend on defensive weapons. Their 175,000 top leaders will be protected in an elaborate network of shelters. We have no comparable program. Putting it simply, the purpose of their defensive program is the exact opposite of ours. It would provide a shield of defense so that they can safely use the sword of offense.

The Kremlin's prime nuclear goal has been to develop an offensive first-strike capability against the United States. The Soviets' SS-18s and their new SS-24s and SS-25s will

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The Soviets' goal is victory without war. Ours is peace without victory. Thus the major danger to the United States is not nuclear war but surrender to nuclear coercion

have the capacity to take out our entire land-based missile force, with enough left over to take out all of our major cities. While our MX missiles are powerful and accurate enough to take out Soviet missile silos, our present planned deployment of forty missiles will not provide a first-strike capability. Almost all of our remaining submarine-launched missiles, far less accurate than land-based missiles, could be used only against Soviet cities in a counterattack. Our dilemma is this: What President is going to order an attack on Moscow and Leningrad when he knows that the Soviets can respond by attacking New York and Washington with far greater forces?

Our forces are designed for retaliation; theirs, for a first strike that will assure victory. This does not mean that the Soviets want war. They do *not* want war. They are realists, and they know that even a victorious nuclear war would greatly damage the USSR and make Europe and the U.S. not very desirable prizes. Their primary goal is to achieve nuclear superiority in order to have the political leverage to support their expansionist foreign policy.

The major danger to the United States and the West is not nuclear war but surrender to nuclear coercion. As Stalin once said, "Nuclear weapons are things that can be used to frighten people with weak nerves." The Soviets' goal is victory without war. Ours is peace without victory. This is potentially a recipe for defeat for the West.

We have several options. Some advocate that we seek to regain nuclear superiority. A strong theoretical case can be made for doing so, but it is not politically realistic. These advocates assume that because of our superior technology and our far stronger economy, the United States would win an arms race. That would be true only if both sides raced. The Soviet Union would do so to the limits of its capabilities. But it is highly unlikely that the United States would do so. A President as popular and strong as Ronald Reagan has seen his defense programs—which are designed simply to catch up with the Soviet Union—severely cut by the Congress and then approved only on condition that he seek arms-control agreements. Moreover, though we have an edge in technology, the Soviet Union has demonstrated by the speed with which it developed the H-bomb, the cruise missile, MIRV technology, and missile accuracy that its ability to concentrate its resources and manpower can compensate for its technological weaknesses. We must not deceive ourselves that because they do not have the benefit of working in freedom, the Soviet people cannot match us in weapons production.

Others advocate "banning the bomb," as the peace activists put it in the 1950s—another popular theory that cannot stand up against the facts of international life. Even if the Soviet Union and the United States agreed to abolish their weapons, the world would not be safe from nuclear war. Nuclear weapons are simply too easy to make, and building them would be within the capability of a number of smaller powers that had not signed the nuclear nonproliferation treaty. Moreover, it is not clear that it would be desirable to eliminate nuclear weapons. Conventional weapons killed 55 million people in World War II. Conventional war would be much more likely to break out again without the nuclear deterrent.

In any event, it is unlikely that the Soviet Union would ever agree to abolish nuclear weapons. Economically, socially, and politically, Soviet Communism is a failure. Without nuclear weapons, the Soviet Union's conventional forces could be overmatched by those of the United States and Europe, which have populations and GNPs more than twice that of the Soviet Union. Without nuclear weapons, the Soviet Union's claim to superpower status would be called into question.

Another answer to the nuclear dilemma has been the proposal to develop an anti-ballistic-missile system that would provide a total defense for our population against a nuclear attack and thereby make nuclear weapons obsolete. This is certainly a desirable goal toward which we should devote whatever funds are needed for research. But while defensive systems that would be effective in defending our missile sites could be ready for deployment within ten years, even the most enthusiastic supporters of the Strategic Defense Initiative agree that a total population defense would not be possible until well into the next century. This is small comfort to those who will live and die in this century.

Others urge that the United States maintain a nuclear retaliatory capability, but with the understanding that we would not use it if attacked, because any deliberate attack on civilians is immoral. At most, under this option, we would use our nuclear forces for leverage in negotiations after a first strike. But credible deterrence requires the will to use the deterrent. As the Chinese might put it, possessing weapons when your adversary knows you have no intention of using them is like having an "empty cannon."

It has been said that for every complex problem there is always a simple solution—and it is usually wrong. In our desperate search for a simple answer to the nuclear question, we have not faced up to the fact that we have only one choice: to find a feasible, admittedly complex, alternative that lies somewhere between nuclear holocaust and surrender to nuclear coercion.

There are two steps we should take now to reduce the dangers of nuclear war. The first is to modify our nuclear-deterrence strategy. For twenty years, our nuclear-arms programs have been based on mutual assured destruction (MAD), the assumption that as long as each side was capable of destroying the other's major cities and inflicting massive civilian casualties, neither would ever strike first. The fatal flaw in this concept is that the Soviet Union

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does not accept it. Its forces are primarily designed to *destroy* our retaliatory capability in a first strike. Our forces are primarily designed to attack Soviet cities and industrial sites in a retaliatory second strike. The Soviets' nuclear strategy is designed to win a nuclear war; ours is designed to prevent one. This dangerous imbalance must be rectified. As I put it in my 1971 foreign-policy report to the Congress, "I must not be—and my successors must not be—limited to the indiscriminate mass destruction of enemy civilians as the sole possible response to challenges. This is especially so when that response involves the likelihood of triggering nuclear attacks on our own population."

MAD is neither credible nor moral. We have moved toward counterforce targeting under the last four Administrations. But we need to go further. That is why we need the MX, the Midgetman, the new generation of Trident II, the B-1, and other weapons powerful and accurate enough to take out Soviet missile silos in a retaliatory strike. That is also why we need defensive weapons to protect our land-based missiles from a pre-emptive Soviet attack. We would thereby deny the Soviets a first-strike capability, strategic superiority, and the potential for nuclear coercion.

MAD assumes the Soviets' goal in a first strike would be to destroy our civilian population. In fact, their forces are primarily designed to make discriminating attacks on military targets. As Albert Wohlstetter has pointed out, it is these selective attacks on military targets that we must deter: "Our negotiations and agreements with the Soviet Union should be designed to further a policy of exercising discrimination and control, not to assure indiscriminate mutual destruction."

Our bottom line is this: What strategy most credibly deters a Soviet first strike? A massive, suicidal retaliatory attack on Soviet cities is not credible. A retaliatory strike aimed at Soviet missile sites, eliminating their second-strike capability to destroy our cities, is credible. Restructuring our forces in this direction would neutralize the Soviet Union's first-strike capability, remove the incentive for a first strike, and reduce the dangers of nuclear war and nuclear coercion.

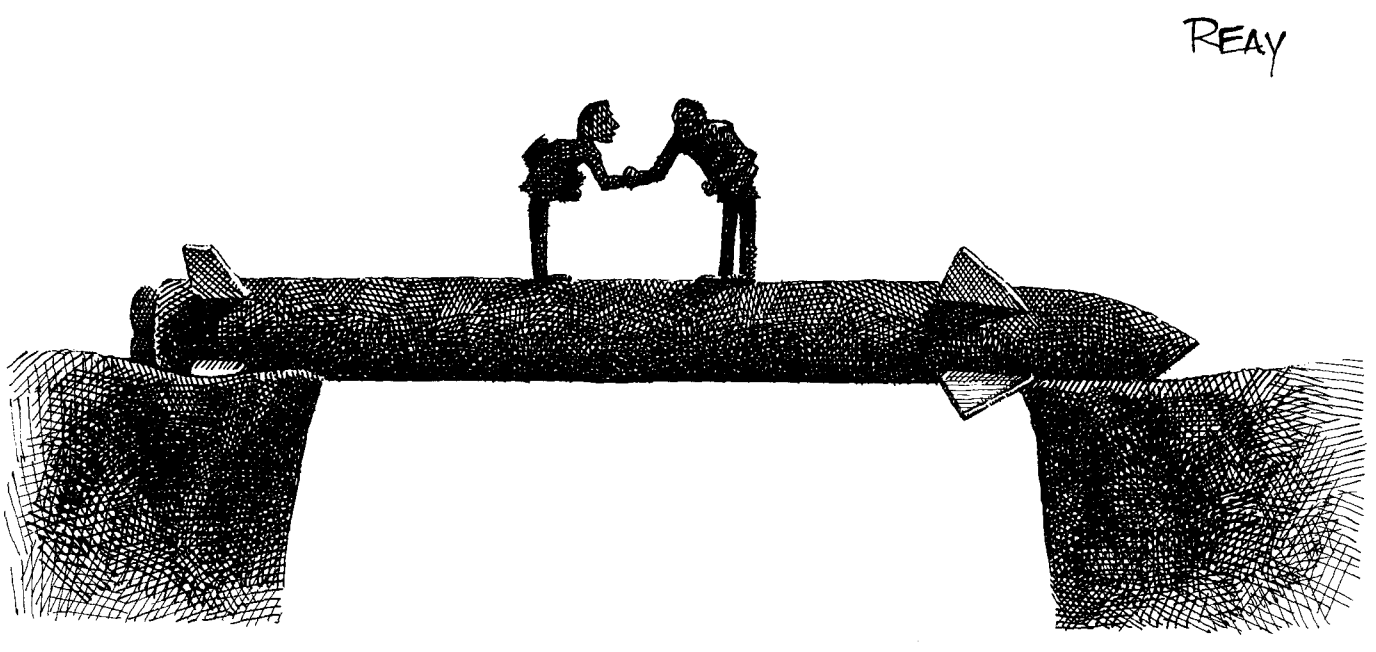
A second realistic step we can take is to lengthen the nuclear fuse by substantially increasing our conventional forces. When the United States had unquestioned nuclear superiority, we were able to use nuclear diplomacy to stop Soviet probes in Europe, in the Mideast, and in the Caribbean. These days, such a policy would risk nuclear suicide. Lacking nuclear superiority, we must build up our conventional forces so that they are strong enough to stop a Soviet conventional attack. We can no longer accept Soviet conventional superiority. If our deterrent is to be credible, we must match the Soviet Union militarily at all levels.

Allowing the Soviet Union conventional superiority leaves NATO no option but a nuclear response to a Soviet attack. Western Europe has the manpower and the resources to match the Soviet Union's conventional forces, and it should make use of them.

Similarly, in the age of nuclear parity, nuclear arms are impotent to deter the Soviet Union from making probes in the Third World and useless in small wars and guerrilla wars. We are inadequately armed for the small wars that are far more likely than a nuclear war between the major powers. Once again, any action that deters a Soviet conventional attack raises the nuclear threshold and reduces the danger of nuclear war. That is why developing the capability to deter conventional attack should be given equal emphasis with developing the capability to deter a nuclear attack. A strengthened conventional capability is not a substitute for nuclear deterrence but a necessary supplement to it.

Building up our conventional forces would lengthen the nuclear fuse. Restructuring our nuclear forces to deny the Soviet Union first-strike superiority would enhance deterrence. But in the final analysis, there can be no real peace or real security in the world unless a new live-and-let-live relationship is established between the United States and the Soviet Union. For those who dislike the word "détente," perhaps "cold peace" will do. Either is preferable to hot war.

Détente is not institutionalized brotherhood, as some doves naïvely believe. Nor is it institutionalized surrender, as some hawks contend. What I have called hard-headed



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détente is a policy that combines détente with deterrence. Détente without deterrence would lead to defeat or surrender. Deterrence without détente denies any initiatives that could reduce the risk of war.

The new relationship must be based on the hard reality of mutual respect rather than on the soft illusion of mutual affection. The new Soviet leader is young, personable, charismatic, and popular; he will be a formidable adversary. Soviet leaders may change but the policies remain the same. Like his predecessors, Gorbachev is a dedicated Communist. Like them, he is committed not only to defending the Soviet empire but to extending Communist domination to the non-Communist world.

He has already demonstrated that he is a skillful politician and a master of public relations. As a realist, he knows that the Soviet Union has massive problems not only in its newly conquered lands but also in Eastern Europe and within the Soviet Union itself. Because he has too much to digest already, he will not attempt any new conquests that might risk confrontation with the United States. He will firmly defend what he has. He will do nothing to alienate the Soviet military or the Soviet bureaucracy that supported his move into power.

The only major common interest the United States and the Soviet Union have is survival. Nuclear weapons mean war is no longer an option for settling our differences. Our only option is peace—not the peace of surrender or the peace of the grave but real peace, in which each pursues its interests but avoids actions that would force the other to resort to arms.

As Clausewitz observed, war is merely a branch of political activity and must therefore have a political purpose. This is also true of weapons. Nuclear weapons have taken the profit out of war. The purpose of arms before the nuclear age was to win war; the only sane purpose for arms in the nuclear age is to avoid war. With these hard realities in mind, the two leaders of the superpowers must tackle head-on the political issues that could lead to the use of arms.

I do not believe that there will be another world war. Putting it bluntly, the United States wants peace, and the Soviet Union needs it.

No one should doubt Gorbachev's deep dedication to his Communist philosophy. But he is a hard-headed realist, not an irrational ideologue. He has inherited enormous military power from his predecessors, but also awesome problems. Soviet troops are bogged down in Afghanistan. Freedom-fighters threaten Soviet allies in Ethiopia, Angola, Nicaragua, and Mozambique. Forces of dissent are rising not only in Poland but throughout Eastern Europe. The vital signs of the Soviet economy are flat—Japan, with half the population, hardly any natural resources, and one-sixtieth of the territory, has replaced the Soviet Union as the second strongest economy in the world. The Soviet Union has no allies among the world's major nations. Western Europe, Japan, China, and the United States are all aligned against it.

Gorbachev needs a relaxation of tensions with the United States and the West. The table is set for a deal. But talking peace on the arms-control and trade fronts is not consistent with waging war on the political front. It is vitally important that agreements on arms control, trade, and political issues go forward together.

A new, peaceful relationship between the superpowers will have no chance of survival unless they both recognize at the outset that they *do* have profound differences, some of which will *never* be settled, but that they also have a common interest in developing rules of engagement for living with their differences. Henry Grunwald put it well: "Tensions between the United States and the Soviet Union are not a problem for which there is a solution but a permanent condition which can be alleviated but not cured."

Nothing disserves the cause of real peace more than to bury our differences in a blizzard of warm handshakes, gushy toasts, kisses on the cheek, and convoluted communiqués. It is far better to put those differences on the table for discussion and, where possible, for negotiation. While we will not be able to settle most of our differences, recognizing that they exist, and frankly discussing them, will reduce the possibility that they will develop into dangerous confrontations. There are two immutable rules of conduct governing relations between states: Mutual affection between friends is useful. Mutual respect between adversaries is indispensable.

There is another option that some people believe the United States should consider in order to reduce the danger of nuclear war: withdrawal from our responsibilities in Europe and Asia. Because of our great nuclear strength, a direct Soviet attack on the United States is highly unlikely. It is our policy of extended deterrence for our allies in Europe, Asia, and the Mideast that increases the risk of confrontation with the Soviet Union. It can be argued that, in today's world, we can defend ourselves without allies. Allies could get us into war; we do not need them if war comes.

A withdrawal from our commitments, however, would lead inevitably to a much more dangerous world. Japan and West Germany—economic giants but military minipowers—would have no choice but to go nuclear. This, in turn, might lead to pre-emptive attacks on them from the Soviet Union. A Soviet-dominated Europe and Asia would be disastrous for the American economy.

Freedom is indivisible. If it is lost anywhere, it is diminished in the United States. As Robert Tucker has pointed out, "Nations require allies and friends not just for physical security but to secure an environment which is receptive to the preservation of certain values and of the institutions, political, social, and economic, that embody those values."

André Malraux once observed that the United States is the only nation in history that became a great power without attempting to do so. Indeed, the fact that the United States developed nuclear weapons first made it inevitable that we would be a world leader whether we liked it or not.

For the United States to withdraw from its role in the world would be enormously damaging not only to other peoples but to ourselves. Only when an individual or a nation is engaged in a cause greater than itself can it reach its full potential. Only then can we be true to ourselves. Without enlightened and strong American leadership, the choice for the world is just as the anti-nuclear demonstrators have sloganeered: "Better Red than dead." With our leadership, we need not be either Red or dead—we can be alive and free. □

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THE DEMO-HAWK AT HOME

One of the most important questions asked in Washington these days is whether the Democrats on the Hill, some of whom have been behaving in conspicuously hawkish ways of late, really might be swinging toward the center on foreign policy. Les Aspin, one of the most influential House Democrats on defense matters, recently switched his position on the MX to one of reluctant support and has been urging more centrist stances on his colleagues. Even Stephen Solarz has come out for supporting Afghan and Cambodian anti-Communist guerrillas. Are such stances mere political poses, or the result of genuine enlightenment?

At a recent debate sponsored by the Heritage Foundation, Christopher Matthews, a scandalously candid former Carter speechwriter who now serves as Tip O'Neill's top aide, unwittingly provided an answer: Try as individual left Democrats might to alter their rhetoric or even vote right occasionally, the rank and file of the left wing of the Democratic Party still does not have the instincts it would need to be usefully anti-Soviet.

The debate, between Matthews and Dinesh D'Souza, the managing editor of *Policy Review*, addressed the key question: "Does a liberal foreign policy serve Soviet interests?" D'Souza charged that on virtually every crucial defense and foreign-policy issue, ranging from strategic defense to funding for the Nicaraguan and Angolan freedom-fighters, liberal and Soviet policy are "of one mind." He buttressed his point with references to Scoop Jackson, Harry Truman, and John F. Kennedy as representatives of the honorable liberal anti-Communist tradition. If D'Souza was hoping that deference to the Democratic pantheon would prompt Matthews to see the sense of centrism, he was sorely disappointed. The mere mention of the late Senator Jackson's name sent Matthews into a tirade.

"Scoop Jackson?" he retorted in a tone of obvious disgust. "He's always been far to the right of most people in the Democratic Party. He has not been part of any continuum. Scoop Jackson! He was a right-wing fanatic back in '60 when Kennedy skipped him for Vice President. Scoop Jackson has been foisted on us as part of our continuum by the American Right. He's a neo-con hero, but he's not a Democratic hero." (Senator Jackson's widow, whose husband was a good friend of Speaker O'Neill's, reportedly heard about Matthews's remarks and complained bitterly to the Speaker.)

A random check of the Americans for Democratic Action congressional voting indexes shows Jackson voting the ADA line 80 per cent of the time in 1977, 72 per cent in 1980, and 75 per cent in 1982. On domestic issues he was an almost perfect liberal. That the top aide to the Democratic Speaker of the House could nevertheless dismiss Jackson as a right-wing fanatic says something about the Democrats' foreign-policy problem.

As the debate progressed, it became clear that Matthews had no intention of challenging D'Souza's proposition—that a liberal foreign policy does indeed serve Soviet interests. The charge did not seem to outrage him. At one point, in fact, he seemed to concede the debate: Conservatives, he said, believe the world is "just one big board game, and our only goal is to keep the little red marks from getting on our side of the board. Well, if that's your view, fine. Because that is as idiotic as a view can be."

"Liberals," Matthews explained, recognize "that the world is not simply a battleground between two offending ideologies, or two superpowers poised against each other. It is, in fact, a world. It is not a metaphor. There are really people out there."

He resisted what must have been a powerful urge to break into a chorus of "We Are the World" and instead went on to talk about "the disaster of Reagan's foreign policy in Nicaragua." He explained: "The fact of the matter, in Nicaragua, is that the reason we're not winning is that nobody's on our side." And again: "Those countries down there are siding with Nicaragua now, because they are tired of us trying to kick them around." (It is unnerving to think that a key aide to one of the most powerful men in the country does not know that El Salvador, Honduras, and Costa Rica—Nicaragua's neighbors—view the Sandinistas as deadly enemies.) Matthews concluded that it would be unwise for the U.S. to put real pressure on the Sandinistas to move in the direction of democracy and respect for human rights, because the situation there is "extremely complex."

South Africa, of course, presents no such complexities. Matthews was unmoved by the prospect of one more African country going Marxist: "I accept, I tolerate, the right of peoples to choose. If they want to choose Communism every four years in an election, fine. That's their decison."

When John F. Kennedy ran for President against Richard Nixon 25 years ago, Kennedy positioned himself as an anti-Communist hard-liner: "The enemy is the Communist system itself—implacable, insatiable, unceasing in its drive for world domination. This . . . is a struggle for supremacy between two conflicting ideologies: freedom under God versus ruthless, godless tyranny." Had Christopher Matthews expressed such simplistic views on his job application, would he be working for the Speaker of the House today? □

Mr. Hart is Director of Studies at the Heritage Foundation and the author of Poisoned Ivy.

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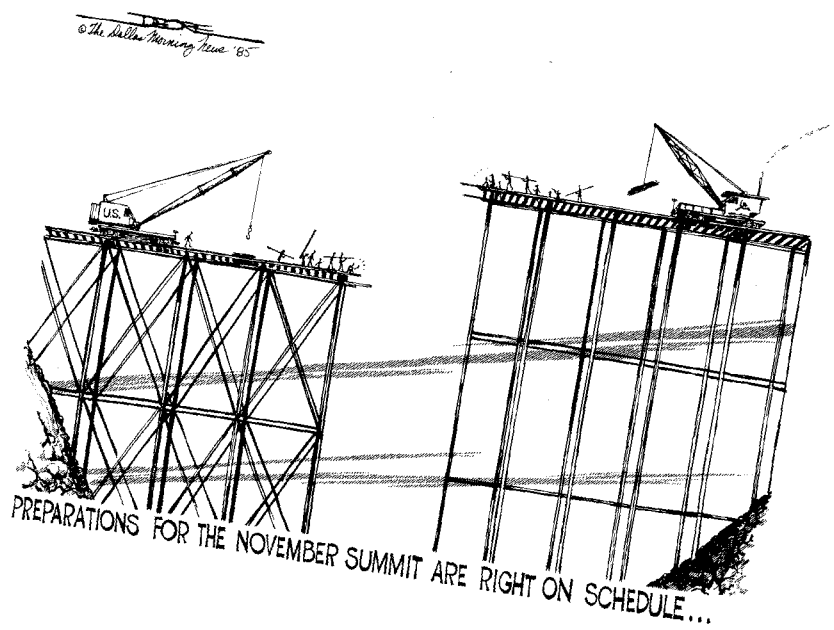
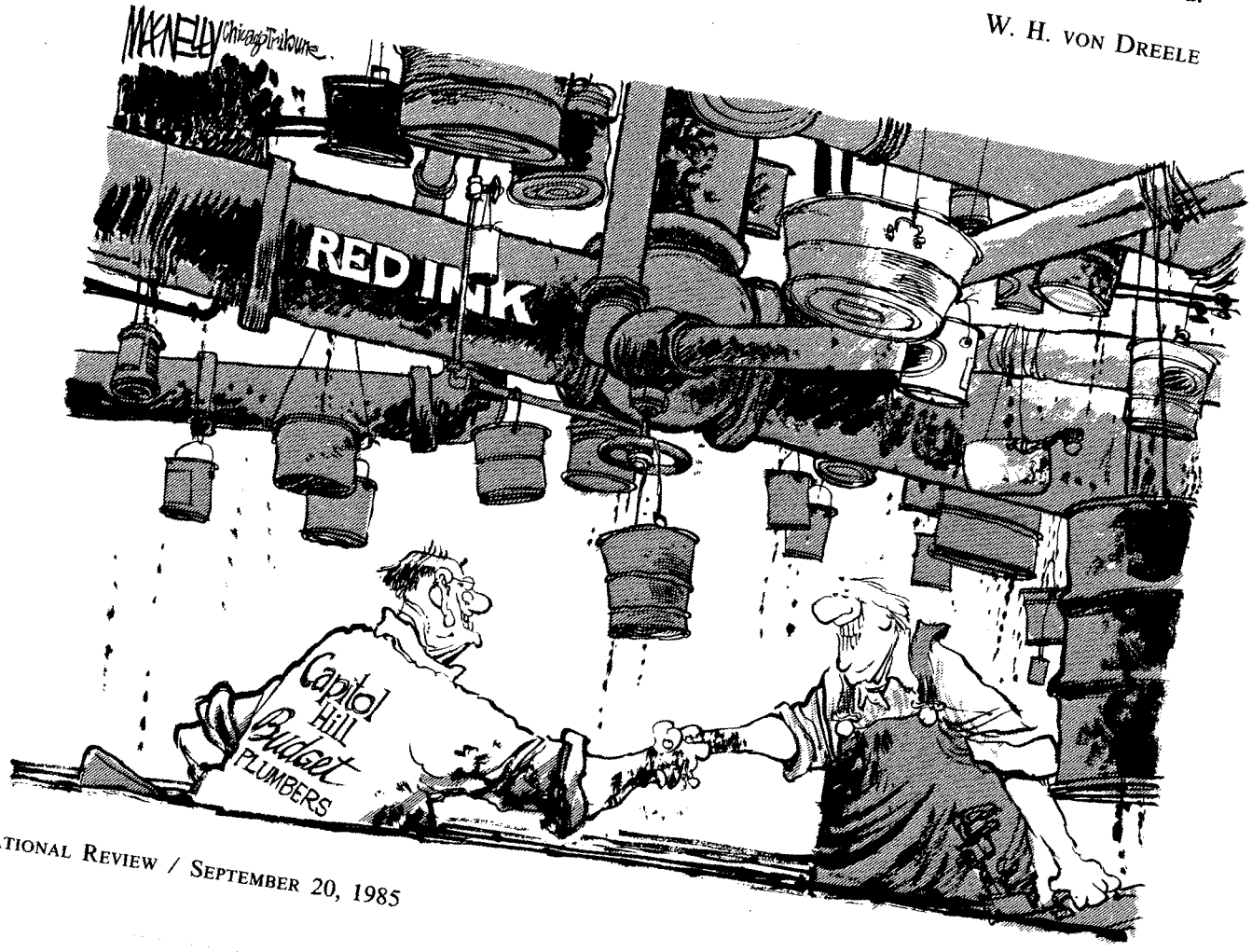


Born in the U.S.A.

He sings it once; he sings it twice.
A third time really would suffice,
But Bruce ("the Boss" to frantic fans)
Goes on and on, and though it scans,
It would have been enough to send
Both Cole and Noel 'round the bend.

W. H. von Dreele



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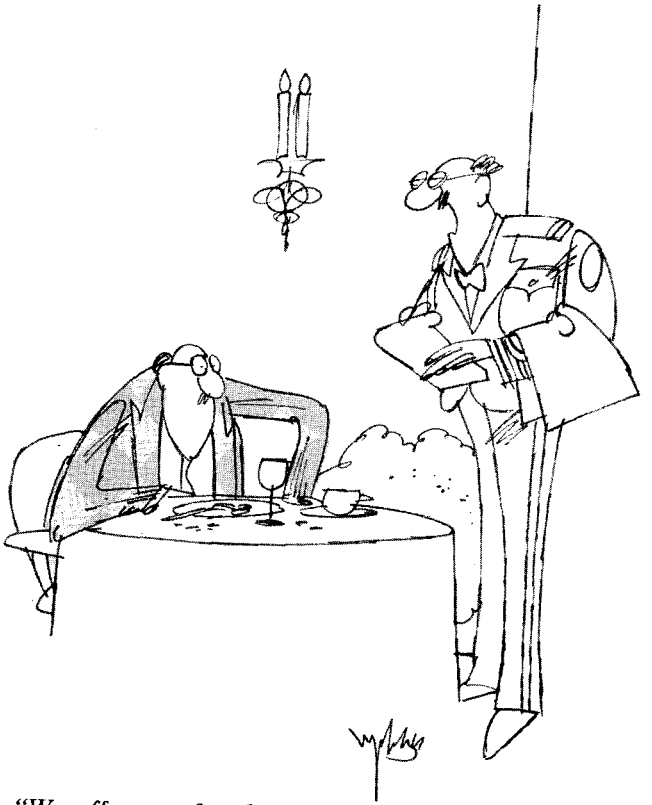
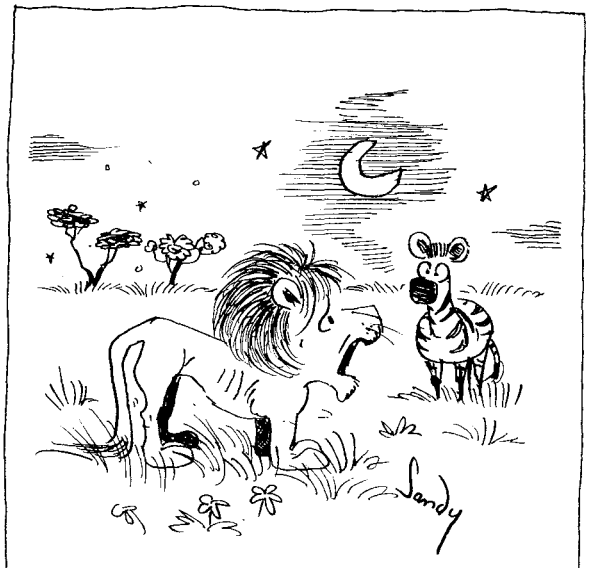
THE ONES THAT GOT AWAY.



"We offer an after-dinner drink or complimentary spirits of ammonia with your check."



"You'd roar, too, if you'd *lost* your *pride."*

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EDUCATIONAL NOSEDIVE

THE CONTINENT has always prided itself on its intellectual and artistic heritage. Quality has been its hallmark. But today a certain leveling tendency inspired by the democratizing impulse is changing all that.

Our Continental schools used to be "democratic" in a very different and much better sense of the word. It was generally agreed to be in the interest of the nation that all those who deserved it should be given the opportunity for a higher education. Thus, although intellectually aristocratic, the educational system was socially democratic. Instead of being either a leveling instrument or, as in England, a way of maintaining rigid social stratification, it permitted the talented poor to rise.

There were few boarding schools on the Continent and no real equivalent to the old school tie. Our schools did not *reflect* social status—they created it. Engelbert Dollfuss, Austria's right-wing dictator in the Thirties and a doctor of civil and canon law, was the illegitimate son of a peasant girl; Franz Josef Strauss of Bavaria, who holds a PhD in classical studies, is the son of a butcher. A third of the college students in Imperial Russia were the sons of workers or peasants. The Catholic Church offered unlimited upward mobility—Pope John XXIII came from a peasant background.

There are major differences among the types of schooling on the Continent. After four years of elementary school, parents decide what kind of career their child should be prepared for. A vast majority attend a "main school," which lasts another four years (and in which the only foreign language taught is English). A small minority opt instead for a combined high-school/college course of eight or nine years, which is divided into three categories: semi-classical, classical, and scientific. These courses cover a great deal of ground. In Austria, for instance, German, history, geography, mathematics, chemistry, physics, biology, art, religion, and gymnastics are obligatory and, if you are pursuing the classics course, philosophy as well. One's native language and literature are taught every year, as well as religion and history, and there are two years each of chemistry and physics. A bachelor's degree is awarded at the successful conclusion of the course. Altogether these were, and in some cases continue to be, the most demanding years of one's life.

Next, for some students, comes the university—which is not at all the same as the American university. Although the students are roughly the same age as American undergraduates, they have already completed the equivalent of undergraduate work in their high school/colleges. European universities are in effect graduate schools for medicine, theology, law, philosophy, and so on.

There's no question in my mind that standards were far higher when my father (who was born in 1879) went to school than in my own time. In my day those taking the classics curriculum had to pass written exams in German, Latin, Greek, and mathematics, and had to choose one subject from the humanities and one from the sciences for the orals. My father, however, was examined in *all* the subjects he had studied during the eight years. As I look back at the "passing levels" of my children's generation, I see another lowering of standards, a trend that continues. Today nearly 50 per cent of the students fail to pass the high-school/college final exams the first time, and now there is talk of abolishing these exams entirely.

As a result, young people, aged 17 to 19, enter the universities very ill equipped, and they are entering them in hordes. In Austria anyone who holds a bachelor's degree must be accepted by a university, and tuition fees are minimal. Standards are maintained in some disciplines, however: A student must have at least a B-plus average to get into most medical schools.

A democratization of our university faculties is also under way, proceeding at two levels. First, assistant teachers, students, and employees have been given a voice—and a vote—on administrative matters. Secondly, the power of full professors, the *ordinarri*, has been broken. At the turn of the century, their power was nearly absolute. They elected university presidents and deans without interference. The universities themselves were autonomous, and inviolate. A policeman could not enter their grounds or make an arrest there. All professors had life tenure.

HIGHER EDUCATION in Europe is in turmoil today as a result of the dangerous flood of students and degrees. In my day 3 or 4 per cent of young men attended the high school/colleges, and half of them received baccalaureates; now more than 10 per cent attend, and an equal number of women. Then, since university tuition is minimal, many even of the less studious give it a try. They take the easier courses—psychology, sociology, political science—and if they do graduate there is little call for their services. They form a restless, dissatisfied element on the extreme Left; they seek a new society to replace the one that has found no niche for them.

A contributing cause—perhaps the major cause—of this state of affairs is the conviction that to maintain high standards is "undemocratic" and "elitist," that it works against the less bright, those from poorer environments. The first step was the cancellation of exams for entry at the age of ten into the high school/colleges. This was the beginning of the debasement of the image of quality that Europe had so long embraced. □

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LIBERATION THEOLOGY ON THE MOVE

At the beginning of August, at an American Enterprise Institute conference on "Liberation Theology and the Liberal Society," an unexpected new dialogue opened up. Hugo Assmann, a former priest still in good ecclesiastical standing with Cardinal Arns and other bishops in Brazil, is one of the founding fathers of liberation theology; in his view, the latter has entered a new phase.

Assmann mainly emphasized the urgent need to negotiate the debt crisis. (Tom Bethell, in the August 23 issue of *NR*, anticipated him.) His many empirical assertions invite rational debate, and this was already an advance. But the biggest advance lay in his embrace of democracy.

Liberation theologians made some mistakes in the past, Assmann said; one was to ignore democracy. For twenty years, he said, speaking of himself and his fellow liberation theologians, we faced dictatorships and tyrannies, whereas now most of us live in democracies. Our early concern was internal "repression"; today, our concern is to make democracy work to alleviate the "oppression" of the poor.

In the past, Assmann said, another "original sin" of the Latin American Left was a certain elitism. The "new democratic moment" will require respect for popular consent and grassroots organizing. In addition, he stated, liberation theologians once spoke perhaps too loosely of socialism, Marxist analysis, dependency theory, and other bits of social-science theory.

In his early days, Assmann was regarded as one of the most Marxist of liberation theologians. At the AEI conference, he took care to point out that his early books on Marxism had been roundly criticized by serious Marxists throughout the world. Even then, what liberation theologians had in view was clearly *not* Soviet-style Marxism, he said.

In describing democracy, however, Assmann did not specify the *institutional* forms he intended. He was challenged on some of his phrases, such as "the logic of the majority" (i.e., the poor). Some of his hearers shared James Madison's concerns about the "tyranny of the majority," and recalled the misuse of such "logic" by several totalitarian regimes in this century. Nor did Assmann address the division of powers, checks and balances, individual rights, or property rights.

While Assmann's views are his own and not to be attributed to his colleagues, his position—with Gustavo Gutierrez—as one of the two or three "fathers" of liberation theology in the late Sixties and early Seventies makes his testimony important. If liberation theologians are newly serious about the idea of democracy, then they and those who believe in the liberal society now have common ground earlier lacking. If liberation theologians are willing to submit their claims about economic realities to empirical testing, and to follow the evidence where it leads, that, too, affords new common ground.

One should not underestimate Assmann's anger toward the U.S.; it flashed forth from time to time. But he tried very hard to avoid polemics, and he suggested that liberation theologians should not spend their time flaying the U.S. and other developed countries.

It is too early to say that liberation theology is willing to explore the liberal tradition fairly, or to give it credit for the two "liberations" from which the name "liberal" is derived: liberation from poverty and liberation from tyranny. Assmann did concede that liberation theologians, preoccupied with redistribution, have only begun to pay sufficient attention to the creation of wealth.

Assmann teasingly voiced anxiety. Why, he asked aloud, is liberation theology so widely feared? (In his written remarks, he expressed pride about this.) Why are Pope John Paul II, President Reagan, and a host of powerful institutions and journals conspiring to "assault" poor, humble, and weak liberation theologians?

To the contrary, while hardly any major U.S. theologians fully support liberation theology, few have criticized it openly; it has been more often patronized than engaged with serious criticism. This situation is now changing, and for the better. The Vatican's instruction on liberation theology, issued last year, obliged liberation theologians to respond, "That is not what we meant" and "Here are the ways in which we are not Marxists." A serious dialogue has at last begun.

Moreover, if the aims of liberation theology are primarily religious and spiritual, as Assmann stresses, and rather tentative about political economy, then most of the excitement about it is misplaced. Controversy has arisen precisely because of its claims about politics and economics, hardly at all about its religious qualities. Its frequent invocation of "Marxist analysis" has prompted the same penetrating objections as were raised to other manifestations of Marxism in the past (e.g., in Ludwig von Mises's powerful *Socialism* in 1922)—and new objections, too. Sophistication about the errors of Marxism is far more advanced than liberation theologians once recognized.

Still, what if liberation theology *is* compatible with the liberal society? With democracy, which secures human rights? And with such capitalism as stirs economic activism from the bottom up, and speedily raises the poor to middle-class standards of health, education, well-being, and choice? Then, indeed, a "new moment" has arrived.

Such a transformation, still only a possibility, has more promise than any other for lifting up the tired, the poor, the huddled masses yearning to breathe free. □

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THE STRANGELOVE SYNDROME

Tom Bethell

We Can *Prevent World War III, by Sam Cohen (Jameson Books, 129 pp., $16.95)*

IN THIS rambling book, Sam Cohen expresses strong opinions about U.S. foreign policy and defense strategy, aggressively dissenting from much accepted opinion on these topics. His position is more or less isolationist, except in this hemisphere. At the beginning of Reagan's first term, he tells us, he was interviewed for a national-security position. A high-ranking official "with a very distinguished background in foreign policy" told Cohen that "the world had become a jungle where the revered principle of international law had largely been discarded." Cohen agreed and told the man that "we ought to get out of that jungle as fast as we can, to avoid nuclear war." The man "froze" and Cohen didn't get the job.

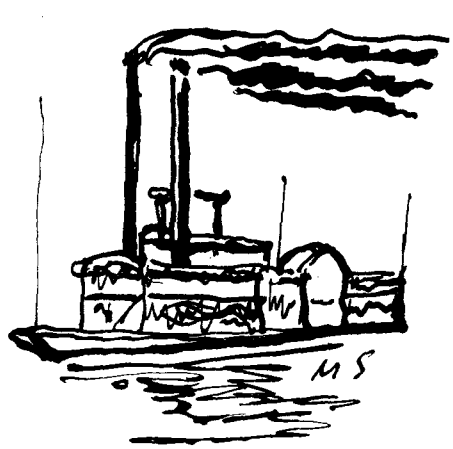
Cohen is the inventor of the neutron bomb, a weapon criticized by Soviet officials and local liberals on the grounds that, while harmful to human beings, it respects property rights. The Carter Administration was intimidated by this critique and suspended production. Since then the bomb has been produced, but our European allies remained deathly afraid of the capitalist tool. "They simply were not interested in nuclear war being fought on their territory," Cohen writes. "So our neutron bombs are now being stored on U.S. soil, where they are of no use to anyone, including the U.S. Which makes one wonder why they are being produced at all."

Cohen is suspicious of a foreign policy deriving from such slogans as "vital interests." No doubt he is right about this. Can anyone think of a country that has not at one time or another been declared "strategically vital"? As for Western Europe, Cohen wonders why we still have 350,000 troops there forty years after World War II. He concludes that they are "hostages to the Red Army." Perhaps we should give consideration to removing these hostages. They are as spiritually debilitating to Europeans as income transfer payments are to welfare recipients. At least the federal budget should be changed so that U.S. disbursements in Western Europe are listed as foreign aid rather than defense spending.

Current NATO strategy amounts to little more than a U.S. "threat to commit suicide," Cohen believes. The theory goes something like this: If the Soviets invade Western Europe, then our troops and hardware guarantee our involvement. This in turn will expose the U.S. to a Soviet first strike. But such a chain of events is "unthinkable." Therefore the Soviets couldn't be thinking of it. In short, the Soviets are deterred "by U.S. fiat," Cohen says. He concludes that the defense of Europe "has to be for the Europeans to decide, and if they decide to defend themselves realistically—which means a nuclear defense—we should help them to the utmost."

Here we encounter what I believe is Cohen's blind spot—his irrepressible enthusiasm for nuclear weapons. In a chapter entitled "Can We Fight the Red Army?" (the answer is no), he discusses technologically advanced conventional weapons—munitions guided by heat-seeking devices that can sniff out tanks from miles away and explode right on top of them. Just the ticket, you might think. But not Sam Cohen. He has a blizzard of objections to such namby-pamby ordnance. Suppose the Soviets were to use decoys—"thousands of cheap small vehicles." Suppose they were to strike first. Suppose they were to destroy our radar. Cohen's position is that "we have not been willing seriously to contemplate nuclear weapons as war-fighting instruments." He is right that our main problem in dealing with the Soviets has been intimidation. But I am not convinced that tactical nuclear weapons have greater military value than guided munitions.

On the topic of arms control, Cohen wishes to warn us against delusions and false hopes. The Soviet rejection of Eisenhower's 1955 "open skies" proposal (the two countries were to provide each other with "complete blueprints of our military establishments" and "facilities for aerial photography") should have made us "darkly suspicious" of Soviet intentions, Cohen believes. Furthermore, the Soviets value concealment, surprise, and outright lying. They have invested much in civil defense and missile defenses. They can't be trusted.



Aram Bakshian Jr. writes regularly on TV for NR.

Tom Bethell is a regular contributor to NR, The American Spectator, *and numerous other publications.*

Kathleen Christison was a political analyst with the CIA for 16 years, until her resignation from the agency in 1979.

Thomas P. McDonnell is the editor of Blaze of Recognition: Daily Meditations from the Writings of Thomas Merton.

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ MORE SEPTEMBER TITLES: In *Shooting Ourselves in the Foot* (Houghton Mifflin, $15.95), Bernard J. O'Keefe trenchantly attacks the lapses in common sense that have led to America's more outrageous contemporary extravagances in matters pertaining to egalitarianism, environmentalism, bilingualism, antitrust, jurisprudence, and other areas.

Vengeance: India after the Assassination of Indira Gandhi (Norton, $16.95), by Pranay Gupte, ponders the question of whether India can survive under the leadership of Rajiv Gandhi, whom Gupte—a former correspondent for the *New York Times*—nevertheless considers responsive to the need for political and economic liberalization to ensure the country's future.

George Orwell: The Lost Writings (Arbor House, $20), edited by W. J. West, consists of writings turned out by Orwell in his role as Talks producer for the BBC's Indian Section from 1941 to 1943 and recently "discovered" by West, an Orwell scholar. For the most part they might just as well have stayed lost.

David Robinson's *Chaplin: His Life and Art* (McGraw-Hill, $24.95) looks to be one of the most thorough studies of the actor, screenwriter, and producer to have appeared yet.

God's Fool: The Life and Times of Francis of Assisi (Harper & Row, $12.95), by Julien Green and translated by Peter Heinegg, is an interesting documentary of the life of the twelfth-century profligate who, as a *poverello*, founded the Franciscan order. The book was a best-seller in France.

Stanley and the Women (Summit, $14.95), a novel by Kingsley Amis, though written in the same vein as many if not most previous Amis books, appears in this country only after a delay in which at least one critic has perceived the fine hand of feminism invisibly guiding the decisions made by the American book-publishing houses. . . . *Playing Catch-Up* (Houghton Mifflin, $13.95), by A. B. Guthrie Jr., is the author's 13th novel. Set, like its predecessors, in the Rocky Mountain West, the story concerns a double killing in a Montana hamlet. —CW

All true, but I cannot agree with Cohen that "it would be in our best interests to make a proposal for full, open inspection to the Russians." Given the decreasing size of all weapons, verification and inspection proposals are now quite hopeless. Cruise missiles could be kept in the living room. As Cohen points out, Midgetman rocket boosters could be driven about on "standard commercial tractor-semis indistinguishable on the outside from those found by the thousands on U.S. highways and country roads." Cohen in fact is excellent on the approaching wrangle over Midgetman. This small, mobile missile was initially a favorite of the arms controllers because it is "stabilizing": It cannot be targeted for a first strike. Yet the weapon "is now planned for deployment on government reservations, where it will be easy for Soviet spy satellites to keep tabs on the number of missiles, to make sure the treaty limits are being observed." That's what arms control does for you. Cohen is no doubt also right when he adds that "in all probability, long before Midgetman is ready for production, these U.S. opponents, whose ranks include some of the brightest scientists in the country, will have figured out enough schemes to defeat the missile . . ."

The truth is that we should not be in arms-control talks with the Soviets at all. It does not matter how many nuclear weapons they now have. Marginal increments to their stockpile do not increase the threat that they pose to us. Neither would marginal reductions diminish that threat. If it were true that the Soviet threat increases with their stockpile, Gorbachev could ultimately induce our surrender by ordering Soviet munitions workers to speed up their production line. It is astounding how many intelligent people, Cohen included, have been hypnotized by nuclear numerology. The main point about arms-control agreements is that they are superfluous between countries that share common objectives (e.g., Britain and France) and are logically absurd when one party to the agreement is bent on destroying the other. If our security depends on arms-control agreements, *then it depends on the Soviets' consent.* Why would they grant us this favor?

STUART LEEDS

As for the Strategic Defense Initiative, Sam Cohen favors it, but once again he is disappointed to find non-nuclear defenses on the drawing boards. The SDI "has to be nuclear, for reasons that ought to be obvious to anyone," he proclaims. But they are not at all obvious. Politically, of course, it is the non-nuclear nature of the SDI that disarms the nuclear disarmers and today divides that motley assemblage into idealistic sheep (but now willing to look with favor on the SDI) and pro-Soviet goats. Cohen's technical arguments against a non-nuclear SDI echo his arguments against guided munitions, and in fact are similar to the objections of those who do not wish to see the SDI built at all.

Much of what Cohen says in this book needs to be said, but my suspicion is that his role in the development of nuclear weapons predisposes him to find a combat role for his brainchild. Yet it seems probable that recent technological developments really do hold out the hope that the historical seesaw between defense and offense is once again tipping in favor of defense, with nuclear missiles fired from silos and submarines threatened with obsolescence by nimble bullets, particles, and rays. ☐

EXCEPT FOR ALL THE OTHERS

Kathleen Christison

Secrecy and Democracy: The CIA in Transition, by Admiral Stansfield Turner (Houghton Mifflin, 304 pp., $16.95)

INTELLIGENCE has always been considered the orphan child of the military, the place where one's career stagnates, and when President Carter appointed Admiral Stansfield Turner Director of Central Intelligence in 1977, it was widely rumored that Turner believed his career had been short-circuited. Turner confirms his disappointment in the opening chapter of *Secrecy and Democracy* and, perhaps

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unconsciously, leads the reader to believe that he never got over it.

Whether his reluctance to take the job affected his performance throughout the four years he held it remains a moot point. It probably did not. Turner is an honest man, and the changes he instituted were constructive and, for the most part, necessary.

Still, one cannot help wondering what it says about Turner that he could find so little to be satisfied with either in the intelligence community as a whole, over which as DCI he had limited budget authority, or in the CIA, over which he had line authority. In his first few months as director, he brought in outsiders to serve as his deputy and his chief staff aides, to reorganize and "clean out" the agency's operational arm and to head its analytical arm. If anyone had any doubts that these moves indicated an almost total lack of faith in the agency's own personnel, this book removes those doubts. Turner's criticisms of the agency's clandestine services and its analysis are overdrawn and unnecessarily snide.

Although Turner magnifies the problems he confronted, he did take over the CIA at a critical, and critically low, point in its existence. The agency had recently undergone heavy investigation for abuses by the clandestine services, and operations had been curtailed as a result, to the detriment of legitimate intelligence collection. The agency's analysis had come under criticism for a few much-heralded miscalls, and morale was low, not least because Turner was the fourth new director in as many years. The CIA was in a kind of limbo, pulled between a tradition of secrecy and independence on the one hand and new requirements for restraint and congressional oversight on the other.

One of the most important issues that Turner confronted—important especially now in the light of the Reagan Administration's policies—was the problem of maintaining a balance between clandestine operations, particularly covert action, and the need to justify those operations to an increasingly critical Congress. Turner handled the problem astutely.

The CIA, he believes, must "accept the idea that covert action not only can operate under congressional oversight but is the better for such oversight." Covert action is necessary in

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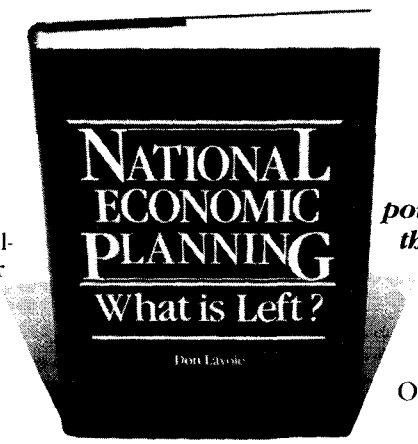

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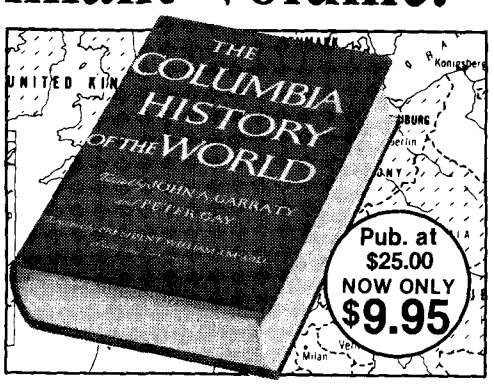

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selected instances ("once or twice during an Administration"), but the emphasis must be on "selected." Too often in the past—and Turner believes under the Reagan Administration as well—the definition of what is "important to the national security" has been stretched to permit high-risk, low-return covert operations that have ended unhappily.

The DCI has a duty, Turner says, to strike a balance in his roles as chief intelligence officer and chief of covert operations. The roles are basically contradictory, the one involving the provision of good, unbiased intelligence, the other involving, of necessity, at least some policy advocacy. Turner believes that the director who puts primary emphasis on the provision of intelligence better serves the President, because the DCI alone of all presidential advisors is not part of the policymaking process and therefore, at least in theory, has no axe to grind.

Turner had difficulties with the other intelligence agencies as well as with the CIA—largely because the anomalous role of the DCI as head both of the entire intelligence community and of one of its agencies leaves him unable to perform either function adequately. Turner would split the two functions, giving the DCI a "substantial" analytical staff, as well as a deputy for collection, and merging the analytical and the espionage functions of the CIA under a separate Central Intelligence Agency director (who would, of course, no longer *be* central—a problem that Turner does not address).

The reorganization has considerable appeal, but Turner's formula seems calculated merely to add another bureaucratic element without significantly enhancing the DCI's control over the separate intelligence agencies. Merely transferring the central analytical function to a different building and calling it the DCI's analysis instead of the CIA's analysis will not correct whatever analytical deficiencies exist. Moving the DCI himself from Langley to an office in downtown Washington will not make him better able to control what he regards as the clandestine services' independence. Agencies such as the National Security Agency will not respond to the DCI's directives any better unless they are put under his specific line authority, something even Turner does not envision.

It probably can't be done. It is probably impossible to organize the intelligence community so that one official has total control. Nor perhaps should it be tried. The intelligence function is a community function, not a single entity—above all, not a military command of the sort Turner was used to—and, for all its faults, it should probably be allowed to remain a community, with all the checks and balances that this provides. American intelligence as it functions today is like democracy: It's the worst system there is—except for all the others that might replace it. □

TELL US A STORY

Joseph Sobran

The Human Animal, by Phil Donahue (Simon & Schuster, 412 pp., $19.95)

A TV-TALK-SHOW host has written a book that contains many anecdotes. One concerns a group of schoolboys who were climbing in the Swiss Alps in 1895 when, suddenly, one of the boys slipped and nearly fell over an eight-thousand-foot cliff, except that another boy reached his climbing stick to him, saving his life. The TV-talk-show host says we owe the rescuer a debt of gratitude: "The 16-year-old boy he saved from certain death that day was Albert Einstein."

A few pages later the TV-talk-show host tells us the story of a woman scientist, contemporary with Einstein, who discovered radioactivity: "The woman was Marja Sklodowska," better known as Marie Curie.

Yet another story concerns an Austrian boy who was abused by his father, had thoughts of becoming a priest, and eventually went into politics. "The boy's name," the TV-talk-show host tells us, "was Adolf Hitler."

And later still the TV-talk-show host tells us of a Viennese doctor who pondered the ancient story of Oedipus, and found in it a key to understanding the human mind: "The man was Dr. Sigmund Freud."

The TV-talk-show host's name is Phil Donahue.

He sure can tell a story. He tells it over and over again. It's about human evolution. Einstein made "great contributions to human evolution." Madame Curie "made possible the exploration

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of the human body." Freud "became the 'third great revolutionist' [after Copernicus and Darwin] in human self-awareness." Hitler was a bit of a throwback, as you'd expect from a victim of child abuse with a religious background. The evolutionary road is at times a rocky one.

The TV-talk-show host's book is called *The Human Animal.*

It has lots of pictures, most of them in full color: beetles, lizards, rats, ducks, flamingos, wolves, African tribesmen, Shakespeare, Darwin, Freud, Einstein, and, most of all, Phil himself, illustrating the eon-spanning progress of consciousness-raising.

It all started some 3.5 billion years ago, with algae. They reproduced without sex. Then came sex. Then came reptiles. Then came mammals, and primates, and humans. Then came religion; and then came sexism, and, with it, war.

The task before us (since "biological evolution is not yet finished") is to get rid of sexism, to get back in touch with our deepest feelings, and to become more caring as a species. "We've shown ourselves capable of both adaptation for survival and maladaptation for extinction." Which course will we choose? "Only when we can control ourselves can we truly control our destiny."

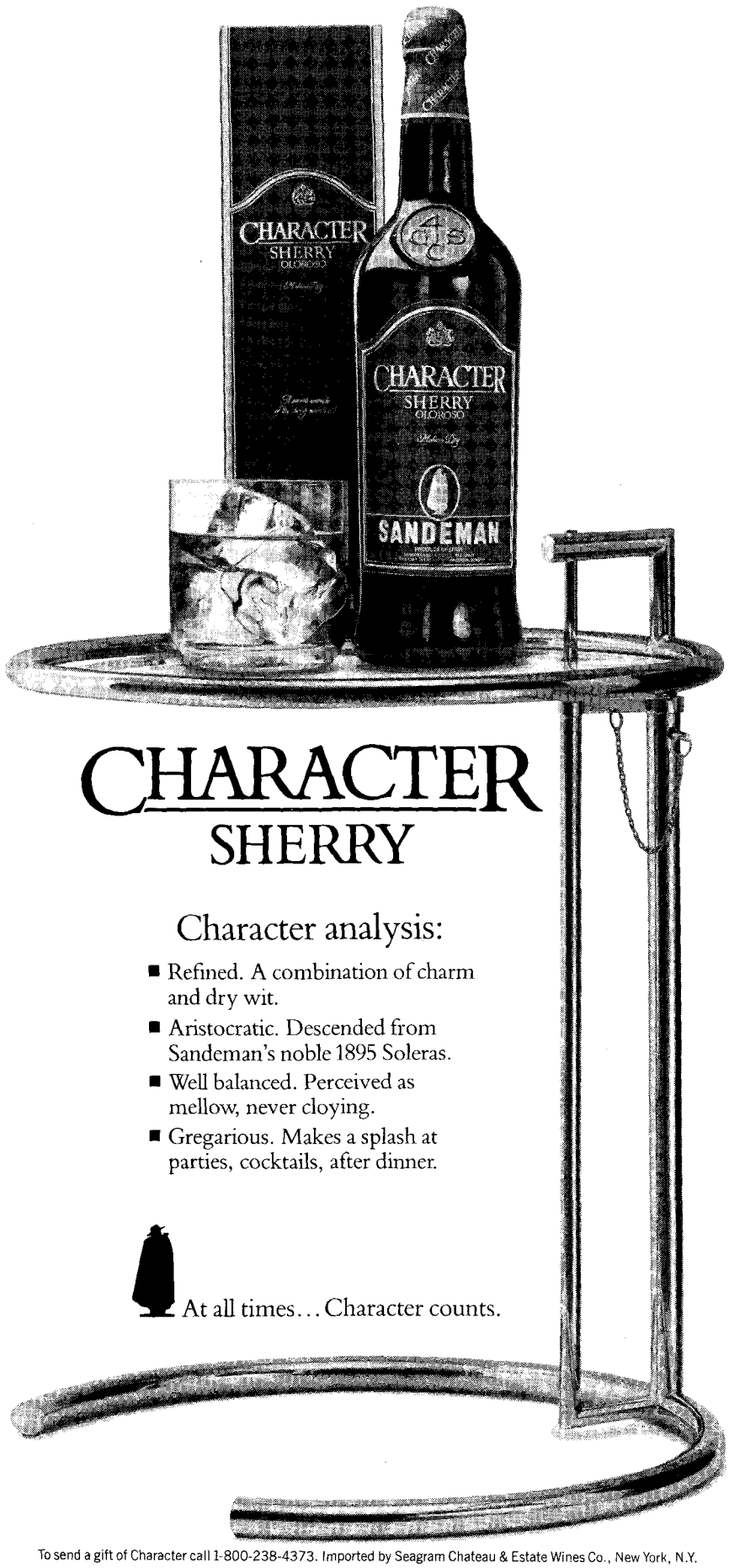
It's up to us. "If differences between the sexes survive in the blood or in the brain or in the body, we don't have to be ruled by them. In our sexual identities as in our destiny, we have the power to choose what we want to be. If we're still hung up on sexual stereotypes, it's our culture, not our chemistry or our cortex, that's at fault."

And what a culture! "We've made sex dirty and deprived ourselves of its pleasures. We've condemned our kids to ignorance and shame. It doesn't have to be that way. In Hindu culture, sex is worshipped as a route to paradise—not the sin that got us kicked out."

Here are a few more of the book's seminal insights:

—"In America, 40 per cent of the wealth is owned by the top 2 per cent of the householders—and that's the most radical concentration of wealth in any industrialized country."

—"Poverty of money is only one of many ways to be impoverished. There's also poverty of self-respect, poverty



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of fulfillment, poverty of hope. In our success-oriented, materialistic, and class-polarized society, the three often go together. . . . It's the combination of poverties, not simply being poor, that leads to anger, and it's the anger that leads to violence."

—"Violence breeds violence. A staggering 90 per cent of all the inmates in American prisons were abused as children."

—"In the school of life, men often skip one of the most important classes in compassion: child-rearing. Without these lessons, men often find it easier to ignore or abuse the feelings of others."

—"Much has been made of Freud's argument that women suffer from penis envy, but not enough attention has been given to a related problem that afflicts men: 'phallic obsession.' The male preoccupation with size and potency pervades not only our culture but also our weaponry." (This is the caption of a photo of a tank with a big gun.)

—"The technology of warfare has changed radically since the days of the spear, but the purpose has remained the same: to kill."

—"Seventy million people were killed in warfare in the twentieth century. We have to struggle to get behind the statistics, to understand that each of these seventy million was a unique, irreplaceable human being."

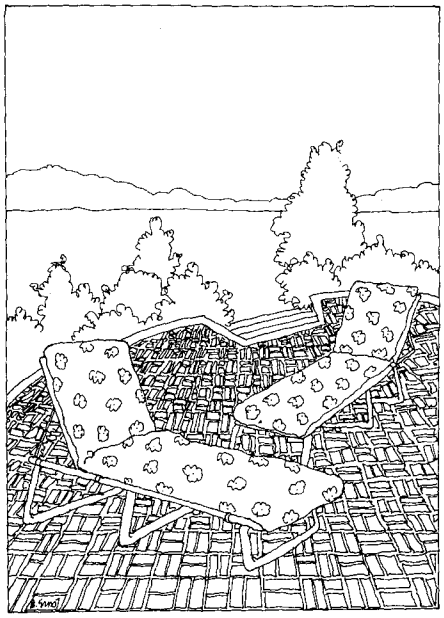
—"The biological fact is that we have a natural aversion to killing our own kind. Although the male predisposition to war still survives, so does the basic instinct against killing. The instinct is our best hope for the future."

—"We are touching, feeling, sensing animals. Distance—physical, moral, emotional—is what makes us monsters."

—"Religion has been a source of inspiration and beauty, but it has also been used as an excuse for senseless bloodshed, from the Crusades to the Salem witch trials."

—"To understand the Judaeo-Christian view of women, we don't need to look any further than the Garden of Eden where Eve—formerly the revered goddess of fertility—is maligned as the originator of death and the dupe of evil."

The phallus isn't the only organ Phil is ambivalent about. He thinks even the wonderful brain has been cut off from full harmony with our other faculties. "A Cadillac engine in a Volkswagen body," he suggests. Which may explain why this book is an assault less on organized religion than on organized thought. □



LOOKING BACK

MALICE IN GREENELAND

Thomas P. McDonnell

GRAHAM GREENE'S *The Tenth Man*, published from a manuscript recently discovered in the archives of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, presents an occasion to scan the whole shelf of his works and perhaps to venture a prediction as to which of them will still be read a generation hence. Although fairly slight even for one of Greene's "entertainments," *The Tenth Man*, written shortly after World War II and long forgotten by both MGM and Greene himself, still serves to take us back to a time when the British novelist was more or less at the top of his form.

In the Seventies, Greene was given the Jamesian privilege of writing introductions to the separate volumes in both the British and French editions of his Collected Works. Though he is certainly a writer good enough to have been taken that seriously, it is almost equally certain that the more than thirty volumes of this edition will not enjoy anything close to immortality from one end of the shelf to the other. Leaving aside the travel books and a few of the better entertainments—*Travels with My Aunt* (1969); *Our Man in Havana* (1958)—the question must at last come down to which of the serious novels will survive.

In Greeneland's bleak and sometimes forlorn terrain, there are three great peaks: *Brighton Rock* (1938), *The Power and the Glory* (1940), and *The Heart of the Matter* (1948)—but the greatest of these is *The Power and the Glory*. In these novels, Greene has created an almost overpowering sense of the presence of evil and of moral confrontation that is simply unequaled in the whole range of English fiction. Bloy, Mauriac, and Bernanos were already working in this tradition in France, where Greene is widely admired, but in England itself Greene single-handedly all but checkmated the Christian cheerfulness of Chesterton, Belloc, and C. S. Lewis.

Greene once thought *Brighton Rock* to be so slight as to rank among the entertainments, but he later admitted that it contains some of his best writing. Greene also feared that the book, as a work of his earliest period, was slightly tainted, but new generations of readers ought not to find this a problem. It's still a powerful work.

The Power and the Glory is a thoroughly existential novel in that it seems to have written itself—that is, without benefit of Author as omnipresent and omniscient observer. It is curious that so competent a critic as V. S. Pritchett has given the novel so flawed a reading, objecting to Mr. Tench, the dentist, as a seedy irrelevance and regarding the suppressed reading of local hagiography by a Mexican family as extraneous matter, whereas these are powerful and yet subtle counterpoints to the Whisky Priest himself. There seems little question that *The Power and the Glory* is Greene's masterpiece, and, despite the common passage of a wayward clergy these days, it remains a stunning re-creation of the presence of salvific grace in the worst of circumstances. Primarily, though, it's a great yarn—and storytelling is, after all, the novelist's real job.

The heavy and possibly intrusive "theological" problem in *The Heart of the Matter* has gained for it a dubious distinction as Greene's most argumentative novel. The question always comes

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down to whether the sacrilegious and suicidal Scobie was actually damned, according to Roman Catholic definitions; fellow novelist Evelyn Waugh was positively Dantesque in consigning Greene's unhappy police commissioner to something other than a West African version of hell. However, the chief flaw in *The Heart of the Matter* is not so much theological as literary—it tends to break down from possibly authentic drama to mere melodrama. It is a considerable testimony to the power of this novel that the lapses into melodrama do not in the end destroy it altogether. The point has largely been missed, though not by Greene himself, that Scobie's sin was inordinate pride (Pritchett again misreads this unaccountably) just as Pinkie's flaw, in *Brighton Rock*, was a soul damaged by eternal immaturity.

The three great novels are works painstakingly derived from the art of the born storyteller. If it now seems that the force and meaning of the novels have faded, it is not because the enormous issues they grappled with have ceased to be important, but because we ourselves have succumbed to the attritions of the age—an irony of which Greene was acutely aware.

Nevertheless, Greene ought by now to have reached a state of octogenarian tranquillity that one might have expected to see accompanied by a blessed increase in holy wisdom. Instead, we hear him still rumbling about in the attic of his spent imagination, puttering among all those old plots and subplots, watching countless stock characters wander aimlessly to and fro.

Greene's anti-Americanism remains in full flower. He lately informed readers of the London *Sunday Observer*, who may have been unduly concerned about the U.S. elections, that President Reagan was a menace so extreme as to match the career of any recent occupant of the Kremlin. He regards Americans in general as "noisy and incredibly ignorant of the world." Self-knowledge cringes at the possibility of this, but it doesn't get Greene off the hook. He scorns U.S. capitalism, but enjoys the vigor of his book sales here. Intellectually, he still plays the Russian roulette of his youth; he said lately of John Paul II, "This Pope is a horror." A man approaching the eternal verities should know better than to speak such ill-tempered nonsense. In ironic view of this, one ought also to read "The Last Pope" in *The Portable Graham Greene* (1973).

Greene might better spend his time, even at this advanced stage, in sprucing up his style. Evelyn Waugh once remarked that Greene does not have a literary style at all; but this contention does not hold up in the face of the best of Greene's essays on Henry James and other important writers, including a remarkable tribute to Waugh himself. What is more to the point is that Greene tends, in his fiction and possibly in his life as well, to require the structure of a police-state mentality as a counterbalance to his own spiritual anarchy. He himself has always known that the man within is his own worst enemy.

It has been said that Greene is an Augustinian by virtue of his entrapment in the City of Man while yearning hopelessly for the City of God. In fact, he is clearly a card-carrying Man-

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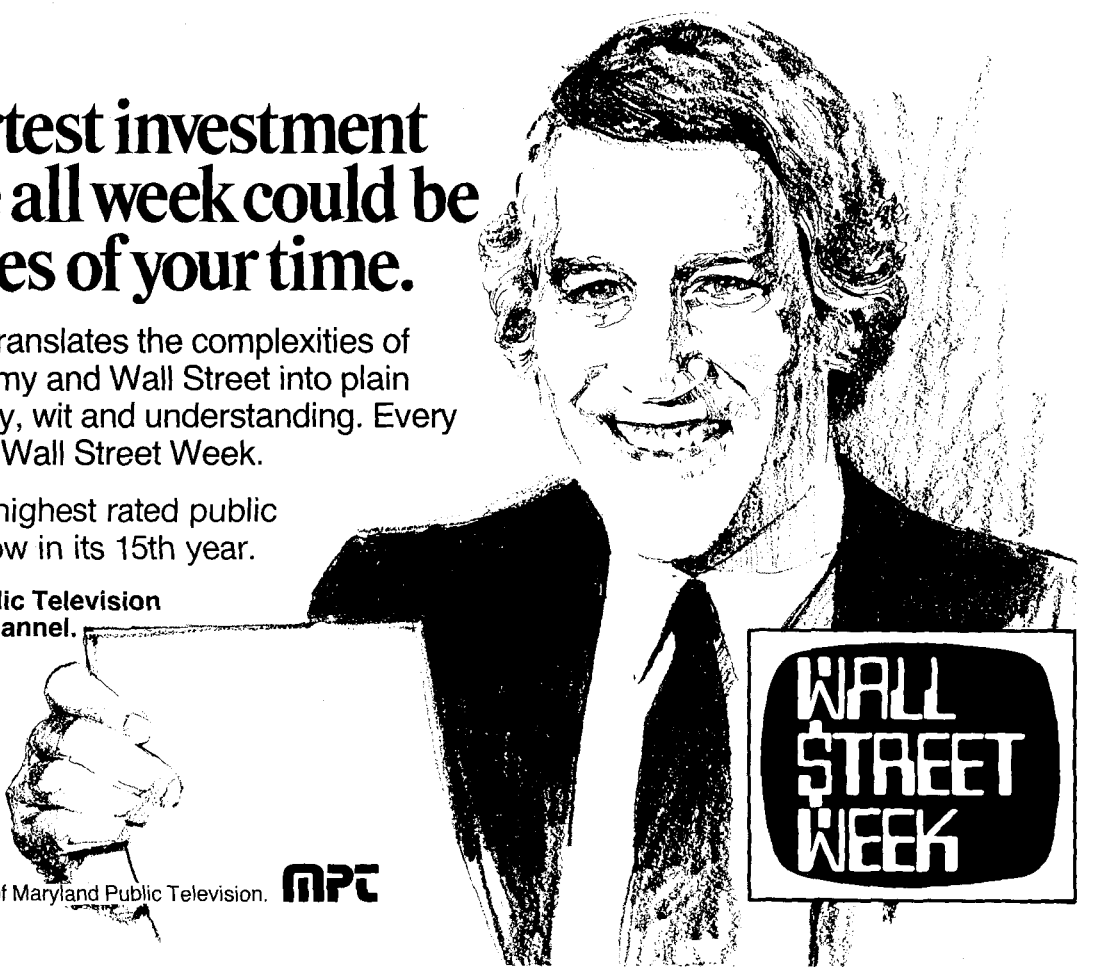

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ichean. Graham Greene's present connection with the Church is probably not so much tentative as tenuous, and in this regard alone one may hope for the best. We are like that Communist ex-mayor in Greene's bitterly pensive but delightful little parable, *Monsignor Quixote* (1982), who takes disconcerting note of the fact that while death brings hate to an end, at least temporarily, beyond that point a kind of love survives. □

FILM

THE TONG WARS—CHAPTER TWO

John Simon

MICHAEL CIMINO may well be the epitome of whatever is wrong with Hollywood. He is certainly the David Begelman of movie directors, as those who could not deduce it from his spectacular rise and fall and rise can easily gather from *Final Cut*, Steven Bach's book that tells how Cimino managed, with only the passively imbecile complicity of the company, to bankrupt United Artists virtually single-handed. *Heaven's Gate*, one of the most expensive self-destructing artifacts in the history of cinema, drove UA out of business; it was bought by MGM, which then became MGM/UA, and, having signed Cimino to a two-picture contract, might be well on its way to becoming alphabet soup.

Hollywood, which operates on the mysterious Begelman Principle, whereby the dirtier and uglier your failure—provided only that it be enormous enough—the more sure you are of reinstatement under usually even more favorable terms, has lifted Cimino right out of the doghouse into the director's chair, and *Year of the Dragon* was made, in effect, for the same company he destroyed. The new film is, like everything he has done—including the Oscar-winning *Deer Hunter*—an abomination.

The Deer Hunter—which won five Academy Awards, including Best Picture and Best Director—established Cimino as a genius director; it was roundly denounced by me in these pages (February 16, 1979) in a review reprinted in my *Reverse Angle*, which showed the film up for the artistic and historical sham it was. After the supercolossal fiasco of the $36-million *Heaven's Gate*—a film so megalomaniacal, monstrous, and nonsensical that only Pauline Kael and a few of her clones could find some good in it—the choristers who had chanted *The Deer Hunter*'s hosannas began to emit Bronx cheers from the other side of their mouths. Led by Vincent Canby of the *New York Times*, they were calling for re-evaluation of that earlier masterpiece in the light of the new debacle. In a footnote in *Final Cut*, Steven Bach, who obviously never read my reviews of *The Deer Hunter* and *Heaven's Gate*, mentions that I wrote in a *Vanity Fair* article about its being immediately recognizable that *The Deer Hunter* was "scarcely better than *Heaven's Gate*," and then wittily wonders how this could have been known to Canby and the rest two years before the latter film was made.

This, I'm afraid, typifies the literal-mindedness of Hollywood executives that is largely responsible for the trash that, now more than ever, passes for movies. Anyone but a head of production in large part responsible for *Heaven's Gate* would have understood my remark—that the seeds of *Heaven's Gate*, afflicted equally with shrinkage of the brain and elephantiasis of the ego, were clearly discernible in the earlier film, like the old moon in the new moon's arms, to cite "Sir Patrick Spens." It is literal-mindedness that assumes that a chap who once made a tremendous hit, however undeserved, will come through again—if not the next time, then the one after, or the twentieth. It is literal-mindedness that assumes a big name is a big name, no matter whether it is Albert Schweitzer or Adolf Hitler. It is literal-mindedness that hypostatizes the superiority of a *known* fraud or failure to an unknown quantity for whom *you*, rather than someone else before you, have to assume responsibility, on whom *you* have to have an opinion and the courage to stand by it.

But enough of this badinage and down (and I do mean down) to *Year of the Dragon*. The underlying novel by Robert Daley, author of *Prince of the City*, seems (I have only glanced at it) to have the kind of authenticity the movie scrupulously avoids. The writing is not the greatest ("Her tongue darted out once, twice, and left a blind part of him questing in the darkness"), but it is well informed and has an aura of factuality in its account of New York's Chinese Mafia and the cop who tries to break it up. Above all, it is aware of the dull and dreary aspects of police work as well, whereas to Cimino it must all be grand, lush, souped-up, tragic, expensive-looking, epic, mythic (as a milksop perceives myth), full of sanguinary chic. Never has gore been gorier, but also curiously picturesque, almost pretty—manicured carnage, which is Cimino's stock in trade. As co-scenarist he has enlisted Oliver Stone, who, besides the appalling *Scarface*, scripted *Midnight Express*, which nearly succeeded in doing the impossible: making Turkish justice look more corrupt and sadistic than it actually is. Needless to say, the screenplay and direction follow the book with less accuracy than a blind part questing in the darkness.

This is the story—in the movie version, anyway—of the most decorated New York policeman, Captain Stanley White (a first-generation Polish-American who changed his name), put in charge of the Chinatown precinct to break up the Chinese youth gangs. He soon realizes that they are part of

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something much bigger, a Chinese Mafia that deals in vast quantities of heroin, which it markets through the Italian Mafia. But the ambitious and ruthless young Joey Tai, a street kid from Hong Kong who has worked his way up and married into one of Chinatown's top families, has his father-in-law bumped off, embarrasses the old banker who has taken over leadership by having his Shanghai Palace restaurant-discothèque shot up by thugs, and grabs control of the Chinese Mafia, which now breaks off with the Italians. Joey becomes both a respected philanthropist and the heroin czar, it being Cimino's interesting contention that Chinatown's most prominent businessmen are also its gangland bosses. This is a predictable attitude from the director who in *The Deer Hunter* represented the North Vietnamese as beasts that bet on who among their American prisoners would survive the Russian roulette they were compelled to play, and who later showed the South Vietnamese happily gambling in Russian-roulette casinos on which of the voluntary barrel-spinners would live.

Cimino's heroes, on the other hand, are usually Americans of foreign birth: the Ukrainians of *The Deer Hunter* and the sundry immigrants preyed upon by the rich Anglos of *Heaven's Gate*. I assume this has something to do with Cimino's own humble Italo-American origins, which he has upgraded in his official vita (just as Captain White has Anglicized his Polish name), but with which he is still obsessed. So, too, the heroine of *Year of the Dragon*, Tracy Tzu, a TV reporter for a major network, has lost touch with her Oriental roots, but rediscovers them as she joins hands (as well as other parts) with Stanley White. The two make common cause against the forces of evil gripping Chinatown, to use a cliché that cannot begin to compete with the stilted baroque of the screenplay's language.

Stanley has a toughly contentious but loving wife, Connie (Caroline Kava, and good), who wants a baby before it is too late, whereas he is all wrapped up in his work and, later, Tracy. Since he loves both women, the conflict would be irresoluble if one of the more grossly contrived plot twists didn't conveniently solve everything. Stanley also has an immediate superior, a devoted friend and fellow Pole who stands for compromise, with whom he keeps locking horns in passionate male comradeship. There is also the police commissioner who vacillates between order and Realpolitik, the tough cop who is Stanley's loyal partner, the other tough cop who hates his guts, and so on down the gallery of trusty stereotypes.

But the most outrageous fantasy figure is Tracy. Her equivalent in the novel is Caucasian and 42, but Cimino, who is too obvious by half, has her played by a 21-year-old Eurasian *haute couture* model going by the name of Ariane. She lives in a whiter-than-white Manhattan loft that looks like a high-tech cathedral made of Formica and polyurethane. It overlooks simultaneously—without rotating—every conceivable view of rivers, bridges, and skyscrapers through rows of ogival windows in which, during a night of lovemaking, her naked silhouette is haloed by all the lights of the city. The

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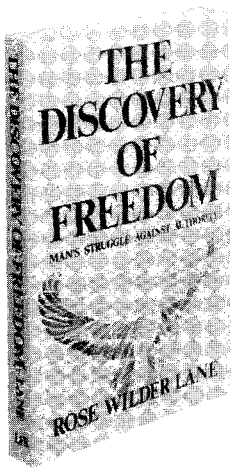

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living room has at its center a sunken bathtub doubling, it seems, as a conversation pit, into which Stanley wades fully clothed to berate the bathing Tracy, eliciting an exquisitely aphrodisiac effect. If such a place existed in Manhattan, only Barbara Walters could afford—or want—it; and Michael Cimino, I daresay, with all the lust for ostentation of the parvenu. And with his concomitant lust for sexual power, as Stanley (another Vietnam hero and Cimino alter ego, like Michael in *The Deer Hunter*) makes out with Tracy the first time he sees her home, his supermacho technique consisting entirely of irresistible insults.

There are other marvels. A running shower out of which the heroine steps for her running battle with Stanley (decently played by Mickey Rourke) that apparently shuts itself off automatically. Makeup to age Mickey Rourke that turns him into a high-school kid playing an adult with a scar across the bridge of his nose that could only be sported by someone wearing a lobster for a pince-nez. While negotiating a heroin deal with a corrupt general somewhere in the mountains of southern Asia, with the warlord's entire staff seated at the table and his entire army surrounding it, Joey (well played by the handsome John Lone) suddenly plunks the enormous severed head of the general's chief henchman on the table as if it were a prize cantaloupe. (Since he came without a hatbox, he must have had the head

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

Most of the time, I must admit, my expectations for the success of the Great American Educational Reform Movement are depressingly low. Still, there are moments when it occurs to me that the reformers enjoy one great advantage: namely, that numbered among their most fervent supporters are not a few men and women who can actually *write*—or, as John Simon aptly puts it, who "have language." Even in this post-literate age, that fact is bound to weigh very heavily—though perhaps not (but who knows?) decisively—against the illiterate mass of their opponents in the educational establishment, who have taken so many "education" degrees and committed so many social sciences that they have succeeded finally in beating their heads into an array of mere "teaching tools" (which I have always imagined to resemble so many pipe-wrenches exhumed from the site of an eighty-year-old sewer project in the South Bronx). I caught glimpses again of this thin, yet wonderfully acute, ray of hope while reading *Challenges to the Humanities* (Holmes and Meier, 30 Irving Place, New York, N.Y. 10003; $29.50), edited by Chester E. Finn Jr., Diane Ravitch, and P. Holley Roberts: a collection of essays of greater-than-average distinction on the subject of the implications educational reform has for the future of humanistic studies in the public schools.

For the editors, the current drive for "excellence in education," while laudable in itself, constitutes, paradoxically, new cause for alarm: "Those concerned about the humanities [have] reason to worry that the new era of school reform [is] based on premises that might actually weaken these subjects, which were not all that strong to begin with." The historical American concern for the practical aspects of education and the fascination with scientific learning and technology, in combination with the contemporary skittishness about defining "values" and an even greater ambivalence about the existence of a common moral and cultural inheritance, raise the distinct possibility that reformism—so directly a response to fears for America's economic vitality and technological prowess—will end by burying humanistic learning in public education under an avalanche of utilitarianism intermixed with a spurious, if not actually dishonest, egalitarianism. In the belief that such an event would constitute a cultural catastrophe the seismic tremors from which would eventually shake the democratic foundations of American society, the 12 contributors to the present volume seek to provide a coherent philosophical justification for averting it, along with suggestions for tackling the job.

While nearly every article is worth a look, my congenitally synoptical mind is particularly struck by the essays bracketing the collection, Paul Gagnon's "The Humanities and Democracy in America" and William J. Bennett's epilogue, both of which address the fundamental question of why the young in *this* modern mass-democratic society should be treated to a better than passing acquaintance with the best of Western civilization. Gagnon's context is historical: sparely, judiciously, he sketches the coming to power, over the past three-quarters of a century, of the progressivist educators who, in the spirit of "democracy" and in the name of "service," gradually effected the removal of "aristocratic" learning from American education and replaced it with "vocational studies" and "life-adjustment" courses. If —as these "democrats" took absolutely for granted—only the talented upper-class minorities among the school-age population could appreciate Plato, Shakespeare, Mark Twain, or—for that matter—the Bible, then these relics of a moribund leisure class should be removed from the curriculum; as, in fact, they virtually have been.

By contrast with Gagnon's, Bennett's context is personal, philosophical—and poetic: a brief but moving testament to the value of the life of the mind and an assertion of the relative accessibility of genius to the common intelligence. "Who," Bennett asks, "is addressed by the Bible? The gifted and talented only? . . . One can be brought to greatness slowly."

In *These Happy Golden Years* Laura Ingalls Wilder tells how, as a schoolgirl surprised by a composition assignment, she produced—in a matter of minutes and after a hurried consultation with a dictionary—an essay of 99 words on "Ambition," the second paragraph of which reads as follows:

> Ambition is a good servant but a bad master. So long as we control our ambition, it is good, but if there is danger of our being ruled by it, then I would say in the words of Shakespeare, "Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition. By that sin fell the angels."

When those lines were written, in 1882, Laura Ingalls was a girl of 15, largely home-educated but already a teacher herself—the daughter of a struggling claimholder near the frontier town of De Smet in Dakota Territory. □

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secreted in his pocket.) The final sequences in which Stanley, relieved of his post, single-handedly takes on both the police and the Chinese Mafia might have given pause to James Bond. Well, everyone will find his favorite absurdity in *Year of the Dragon.*

Although Cimino did not overshoot his budget and schedule this time (he overshot everything else), the movie must have cost Dino De Laurentiis, one of the most reckless and tasteless producers, a pretty penny, including erecting a working model of Chinatown in De Laurentiis's newly built studio in North Carolina. On the credit side, there are a few action sequences that have real impact, notably a scene in which a hit girl escaping across a busy street bounces off various speeding vehicles. And, as a real-life fashion model, Ariane, a poor actress, effectively wears some stunning clothes by Armani, Montana, and others, so that we are led through the maze of the film by Ariane's threads. Still, the whole thing is a crashing waste, and not a little racist to boot. But if Hollywood wants to go under, drowning in Michael Cimino's torrential wet dreams may be as good a way as any. □

TELEVISION

GONE WITH THE WIMP

Aram Bakshian Jr.

SEE MR. ROGERS. See Mr. Rogers run. See Mr. Rogers run at the mouth. It is mid-afternoon on public-television channels across the country; the wimping hour—half-hour, actually—is at hand. At this time of day, while housewives are engrossed by soaps and game shows, while their teenage offspring are out shooting baskets or dope, and while most of us are still at the office, millions of pre-school and grade-school kids pay their daily television visit to *Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood.*

As neighborhoods go, I suppose it could be worse. It is virtually crime- and pollution-free, and, since most of the puppets and humanoids inhabiting it exude androgyny, nary an X-rated note jars the afternoon airwaves. For the average, semi-cretinous American

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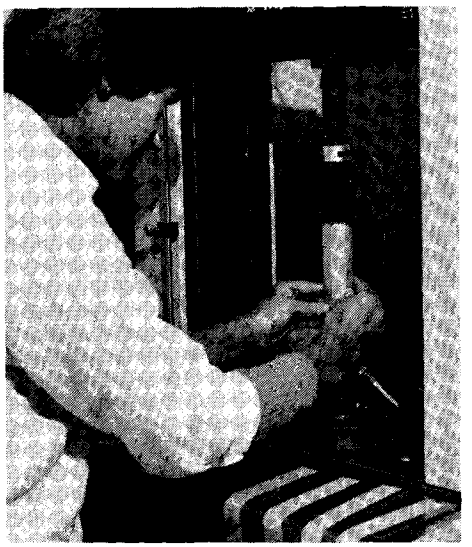

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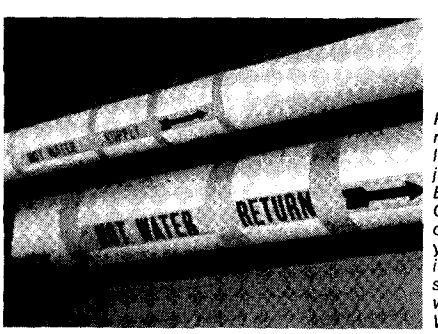

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kid uninterested in reading or writing, the place is as safe as it is insipid. Few adults have ever visited it; having spent a week there, I now understand why. Like its creator, Mr. Rogers (who, as Phyllis says of the Lord Chancellor in *Iolanthe*, can most charitably be described as "a very clean old gentleman"), the neighborhood that provides the backdrop for one of television's longest-running kiddie shows is cloyingly wholesome, mildly instructional, and overpoweringly dull.

Mr. Rogers is the perfect neutral babysitter. A kindly, chinless person with grey hair, grey jacket, grey sweater, grey trousers, and, for all I know, grey undergarments, he addresses his youthful charges in a nasal bleat that makes George McGovern sound like Macho Man by comparison. Since he also dubs voice-overs for all of the puppet characters, the aural impression, like his personal color scheme, is uniformly bland. The premise of the show, shaped in part by two "psychological consultants" whose names are run with the credits, seems to be that hyperactive young Americans need nothing so much as a daily aerial lobotomy, presided over by an unmenacing Ma-Bap figure embodying the virtues of a kindly granddad and a particularly unassertive schoolmarm. Maybe they're right, given the flood of animated monster tales, mindless shootouts, and car chases that most kids choose when viewing commercial programming.

Fair enough, and to do Fred Rogers justice, he sugars the tranquilizing pill with informative glimpses at everything from tropical fish and diamond-cutting to tips on good manners and entry-level music lessons. Sears Roebuck, which bankrolls the show, has certainly inflicted no harm on its infantile audience, and may actually have done some marginal good. The mood, while it lasts, *is* benevolent, but in such a milksop way. Couldn't the same good effects be achieved with a more vigorous role model at the helm? By the time Mr. Rogers discards his tennis shoes and sweater, and heads for the door at the end of each thirty-minute installment, one can't help suspecting that the brighter kids in the audience breathe a sigh of relief, refreshed with the certainty that, for a merciful 24-hour interlude, *Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood* has gone with the wimp.

Kids, after all, are people, drawn to and taught by struggle as well as security blankets. Thrills, adventure, travel into the past and future—to Never-Never Lands teeming with pirates, Indians, and crocodiles, or space bandits and space sheriffs—give far more range to the youthful imagination. And, in their own highly stylized way, they offer clearer examples of applied ethics and social standards.

Given a generous regimen of hormone injections and a spine transplant, Fred Rogers might manage to give his tiny but far from inert wards the best of both worlds. Until then, at least he isn't doing them any damage. □

TRAVEL

O SOLE MIO!

William A. Rusher

EVERY NOW and then somebody, thinking to take advantage of my travel hobby, which has resulted in four global circumnavigations and taken me to most of the world's non-Communist countries, asks me which place on earth is my all-time favorite. It is, of course, an impossible question to answer unless it is more closely defined. My favorite for a day, or a month, or a year? My favorite to live in? (Or die in?) My favorite if alone, or when traveling with company? My favorite in which season? And so on.

Still, 62 winters have now besieged my brow, and it is surely only reasonable that I ought to have *something* useful to say in response to the basic question. As it happens, I do. I precede my response with the warning that all I can do is say which place I personally like best; people differ, and anyone is free to disagree. But that is the only concession I shall make.

Longtime readers of *NR* may remember my dithyramb about the Italian Lake District in the July 4, 1975, issue. At that point I had pretty intensively explored Lakes Maggiore, Lugano, and Garda, and was especially smitten with the latter because it could boast the little peninsula of Sirmione. At the northern tip of this peninsula, on a high foreground surrounded on three sides by the lake, with the permanently snowcapped peaks of the high Alps clearly visible in the distance and shores heavy with lemon, orange, and olive trees low on the eastern and western horizons, a Roman millionaire of the first century after Christ had built himself a magnificent villa, among whose ruins one can still stroll—and marvel—today. It is one of the most richly and gorgeously evocative sights on earth.

In 1975, however, I had not more than glimpsed Lake Como, from trains on the run between Milan and the Swiss border at Chiasso. Though it lies squarely between Lakes Lugano and Garda, my usually dependable traveler's instinct somehow warned me away from Lake Como. I knew that Konrad Adenauer had long favored it as a vacation retreat, but that was about the extent of my detailed information. Its general reputation, however, was somehow almost *too* formidable. It is probably the best-known lake in the whole group, and the most highly praised. Its very name sounded positively lush. It was—or seemed from my distance—a sort of banana split of a lake. I guess I was afraid it would somehow be too rich for my blood.

Since then, sternly overpowering my reservations, I have made four passes at Lake Como—a first, appropriately cautious, in 1977; another, with growing eagerness, in 1979; and then, in the full bloom of a realized passion, two more, in 1983 and 1985. And that is why, ladies and gentlemen, I am now in a position to announce that Lake Como is, on balance and after due consideration, my favorite spot in all the world.

Let us first get its essential geography under our belts. Like the other Italian lakes, Como is formed by the melting snows of the Alps, tumbling southward toward the Lombard plain. Cold, sparkling, and blue, it nicely fills a steep-sided Alpine valley about a mile wide. Some 14 miles southward, however, the valley splits in two, and the lake follows suit—each arm continuing, one a bit east and the other slightly west of south, for another 14 or 15 miles. At the bottom of the eastern arm of this inverted Y lies Lecco, the lake's second biggest city. At the foot of the western arm lies its biggest, the city of Como, with a population of perhaps a hundred thousand.

On the tree-clad slopes of the lake, and especially its western arm, practically every wealthy European for the past two thousand years has longed to build or buy a home, or a home-

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away-from-home. An imposing number of them have succeeded, with the result that above the charming little villages along its shores, set against the dark-green mountain foliage, are the orange-tiled roofs of every imaginable kind of mansion, chalet, and villa, many of them positively palatial. A number boast elaborate grounds and lush gardens, ornamented with sculpture and dotted with gazebos offering breath-catching views of the lake.

Below, leisurely steamers ply back and forth across the lake itself from one picture-postcard village to another: from Como to Cernobbio, Torno, Pognana, Argegno, Lezzeno, Tremezzo, Cadenabbia, Bellagio, Varenna, Menaggio, Dongo, and Colico, then back again—or down the eastern arm, to Lecco. If you are in a hurry, there is also the *aliscafo*, a hydrofoil, which makes fewer stops and zips across the intervening distances much faster. But, for an unforgettable afternoon, take the regular steamer from wherever you are staying to some other destination along the lake—Varenna, say, near the central fork, where you can have a fine lunch on the glassed-in terrace of the Hotel du Lac, wash it down with Italian wine, and then stroll through the ornate grounds of the Villa Monastero nearby. The villa was a convent in the fifteenth century, but the bishop had to close it down because of "immorality" there. I pitied the poor nuns; who would not be seducible, living amid such beauty?

Or buy a ticket to the doughty little island of Comacina, not far south of Tremezzo, and lunch at its ancient inn, where local specialties, starting with a huge *antipasto* and including such dishes as a whole salmon trout, are served by skillful and lavish hands. Here the dining terrace is *al fresco*, and there is a gentle breeze off the lake. In the distance the mountains fade from deeper to lighter shades of blue, and one muses on the dark history of this little island, which many centuries ago unwisely allied itself with Milan against the local lords of Como. Or perhaps one's thoughts turn to the fate that befell Mussolini nearby. He was captured on April 27, 1945, at Dongo, on the lake's upper arm, disguised as a member of a column of German soldiers fleeing toward the Swiss border a few kilometers away. Overnight he and his mistress, Clara Petacci, were driven down that lovely shore—blooming, one must imagine, as only Italy in the spring can bloom—to Tremezzo; and there, next day, in the little suburban village of Azzano, they were shot.

But enough of such morbid thoughts—Lake Como is supremely for the living. Where, on it, shall we stay?

There are those who favor the city of Como itself—a handsome old town with an impressive cathedral and a charming habit of naming its streets after local or world celebrities who were born or once lived there. ("Via Caio Plinio Secondo"—Pliny the Elder—"23-79 A.D.")

Jet-setters, on the other hand, will unhesitatingly opt for the luxurious Villa d'Este at Cernobbio, just a short distance up the lake on the opposite shore. The villa was begun for Cardinal Gallio in 1589, was turned into a hotel in 1875, and now boasts a dining room and a swimming pool the cardinal would undoubtedly have envied. But make sure you don't arrive there (as I did) in the midst of a three-day convention that has taken over the main building and 90 per cent of the staff's attention, or you may be made to feel distinctly like a gate-crasher.

Instead, I strongly recommend the Grand Hotel Villa Serbelloni at Bellagio. The town itself is at the point of Como's inverted Y, and the Villa Serbelloni proper—now owned by the Rockefeller Foundation and intermittently occupied by great thinkers and assorted conferences—crowns a hill adorned with formal gardens offering superb views of all three arms of the lake. But the magnificent old hotel that takes its name from the villa is down along the shore, girt with marble staircases and balustrades, equipped with its own swimming pool and a sunny, elegant terrace, and every inch the kind of hostelry they don't build any more.

Here, where Leopold of the Belgians used to come before the War, dinner is served with Old World *éclat*. The guests are mostly on the older side, with here and there an American honeymoon couple. A few tables away, a formidable old dowager is dining with her neurasthenic daughter, who has undoubtedly been thrown unsuccessfully at most of the remaining titled and eligible heads in Europe. (What Maugham could have done with *this* scene!)

After dinner you may decide to have a cognac in the main lounge, where a small dance orchestra has rolled back a carpet and begun playing pleasant foot-tappers. Or come stroll with me along the town's lakeside promenade, as night falls and the lights come on around the shore, and watch the last car ferry of the day pull away from the dock and chug off toward Tremezzo.

My favorite memories of Lake Como, though, are daytime ones: of the creamy marble statues by Canova in the Villa Carlotta at Cadenabbia; of the almost incredibly picturesque Villa Balbianello, poised on its point of land just north of the Isola Comacina (as Irene Adler was "*the* woman" to Sherlock Holmes, so this lakeside gem will forever be "*the* villa" to me); of the deep red roses that enraptured me, as their ancestors enraptured those wayward nuns, at the Villa Monastero; or—supremely—of the gardens of the Villa Melzi at Bellagio.

Melzi was the vice president of Napoleon's short-lived Italian Republic. His villa, just a pleasant walk south along the lakeshore from Bellagio's center, is closed; his tomb is nearby. But the grounds of the villa are open to visitors for a nominal fee.

I wish I could meet the great artist

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who designed those grounds, or even stand a round of drinks for those who maintain them today. They are to gardening, to the perfect blending of landscape and lake, what the *Venus de Milo* and Michelangelo's *David* are to sculpture.

They stretch lazily along the shore for a third of a mile or more, on a slope that accommodates two or three winding but essentially parallel footpaths. Every imaginable sort of flower, shrub, and tree seems to be here—all in profusion, but nothing too much. I remember especially great masses of red and white azaleas and purple-pink rhododendrons, an elegant little Japanese tree ablaze with yellow petals, and a small stand of imperious redwoods from the coast of California. Toward one end there is a delightful pond, spanned by a small footbridge in some Oriental style. Near the lakeshore there are sculptured figures, a geometric row of plane trees, and a tiny pavilion from which the eye can wander far and wide, coming to rest at last on the distant snow-fields of the Alps.

The gardens of the Villa Melzi do things for me that no medicine can do. There are greater visions to be experienced, and sights more sublime; but on a warm and sunny afternoon in late spring, I simply don't know anything lovelier. □

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THE GIMLET EYE

IN ENGLAND

D. Keith Mano

ENGLAND has gone missing quite. Everyone there is from Houston, Richmond, or Chandernagore. Real Brits, I reckon, are all in New York poaching work from some poor American actor. To afford local colour, I put on my best long *a* and Percy Harde-Cheese accent. Damn white sweat socks gave me away. Also my habit of nearly getting struck flat at each Belisha Beacon intersection because I looked left, not right. London has become a brown man's burden. While the native population is lying doggo, Eastern folk manage most service industries. Restaurant food can be cheap (about $27 per couple) and duller, heavier than a *faux marbre* desk. After our second week I had to prog around for some Woodward Gripe Water ("safe and gentle way to relieve baby's wind"). Came over rather queer and all the rest of the boiling, sod it, ta, you know.

Still we felt secure as marsupial young. Yes, there was a new public-order bill before Parliament. Soccer massacres happen: Liverpool 38, Italy 0. Terrorism is expected. (One pub sign said, "In the interests of safety—would patrons kindly advise the staff of any suspicious parcels, cases, or objects.") Stonehenge has barbed wire around it, the past under siege. You see skinhead children with purple hair and safety pins diapering up their flesh. Yet, all this has an institutional, orchestrated feel. There were no graffiti in the prompt and logical tube system. American crime, by contrast, is much more *spontaneous*. Individualistic and fearsome. Look wrong at some meth-mind, he'll punt you in front of the D train. And not for the IRA or his hometown basketball team—just to express some misshapen free enterprise. In England there isn't that leg-tapping, apoplectic, violent-ward atmosphere. Instead they elect Scargill for life.

Some things hadn't changed a knob since last I came through (in 1968). Every third mouth could still stand orthodontic repair. English women have rhomboidal feet and wear shoes made by a lobster-pot purveyor. The toast rack will be supplied, as usual, to fossilize breakfast. Even Oxfam couldn't get you food or drink between 3 and 7 P.M. But now, at last, they supply wire hangers with the dry cleaning (once they just balled it all into a bag). School corporal punishment has gone illegal. And, cor, no sooner had I unsprung my flippin' beach chair in Torquay when—snap, snap, snap—bikini tops popped off as though it were harvest week for some seasonal fruit. I mean, in England, time was you could at least count on prudery—inhibition used to be the one British trade item with a positive balance of payments.

Might as well watch your aquarium bubbler as TV in London. They mock our Snopes-level programming, and with justification. But the prime-time British TV hour is all intellectual updraft plus provincialism. Only four channels to flip away from. 1) A program, say, on ketone measurement in blood. 2) The National Sheep Dog Trials. 3) Eisteddfod singing. 4) Some Tagalog travelogue. All of which, mercifully, will sign off around midnight. (Typical paternalism: like the infantile pub licensing hours.) For this your Brit has to pay a £58-per-year fee. On ITV they can have just six minutes of advertising time each hour (we have 12 and I would've paid for a good Bud Light commercial). News is duller than wheel static. And, even with channels 1 and 2, BBC couldn't manage thorough, simultaneous coverage of both Wimbledon and the English-Australian cricket test match. Sport announcers sound like they were supervising a borstal exercise yard. ("Rather immature, that shot.") I suppose BBC saves its good stuff for PBS, where it can make a fat unnationalized quid off American Anglophilia.

Editorial opinion, of course, is anti-American, anti-Reagan, but in the most perfunctory, spiritless manner. More, I suspect, a means of chastising Mrs. Thatcher by association. One *Guardian* editorial: "The Carter-rehabilitation process can almost be seen to have begun. [This during our TWA hostage crisis.] For American overseas policy may now return to where Carter left it: anxious, exploratory, not quite comprehending the malice against America and hoping by diplomacy to discover the reasons for it and eradicate them. That is a more promising posture than any so far adopted by his successor." Pure nostalgia: get yokel Jimmy back, then England can knicker that poor

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naïf all over again. Each edition has one condescending piece about "the States." (Not America or U.S., note—to them we're still disparate colonies.) On New York ("Murder in Manhattan"). On American TV ("The B Team"). We're all a clutch of dreadful McEnroes: petulant, childish, unsportsmanlike. And more talented than any Brit could ever dream of being.

Some time between 1963 and 1964 I left, not my heart, but my tonsils in England. I had gotten quite ill (split eardrums thrice). As a foreign student I was entitled to free state medical care. The first doctor (he took in about 65 cents per office visit) said, "Don't bother me with a sore throat again. I'm overworked and underpaid." The second, more responsible, put me down for an "immediate" tonsillectomy. Then he thought it over: "Well, with the waiting list we have you'll probably be functionally deaf before you get on the table." I had them out next day at a private clinic. On Blue Cross. For free. Things must've improved under Mrs. Thatcher, but my wife and I were very watchful of our health until the landing gear went down at JFK.

Yet Silbury Hill and West Kennet Long Barrow fascinated me. Also Chew Magna, whence my great-great-great-grandfather, Thomas Minor, set out in 1629 for Massachusetts Bay to find religious freedom and cable TV. Westminster Abbey and Salisbury Cathedral, bare, well-preserved choirs. England, in fact, has become a huge theme park for America. Disney should buy it (and could at $1.30 to the pound)—History-land alongside Adventureland and Fantasyland. And the first Englishman to invent a shower head deserves knighthood. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Partners, by Veronica Geng (Harper & Row, 184 pp., $13.95)

VERONICA GENG, the cleverest *New Yorker* humorist to come along since Woody Allen, has just brought out her first collection of pieces, a slender volume called *Partners*, which contains more than enough laughs to lighten up a week-long seminar on the future of liberalism. Miss Geng specializes in parody and burlesque, and her deliciously wild fantasies cover a lot of ground: an NBC sitcom about Henry James at prep school; an Oriana Fallaci interview with a fascist hyena so tough he kills reporters and swallows their cassettes; a congressman's all-purpose form letter to his constituents that sounds like a post-*Doonesbury* update of Robert Benchley's "The Treasurer's Report." ("As your Representative, I played a cameo role in last year's Legislative Session, during which a substantial number of new laws were enacted under or near my sponsorship or with my vigorous opposition.") Best of all is "Ten Movies That Take Women Seriously," a wicked sendup of the Jill Clayburgh/Jane Fonda school of feminist filmmaking; movie number five is *Portentimento*, in the course of which "Lillian Hellman (Mia Farrow) and Mary McCarthy (Liv Ullmann) try on hats and learn to touch-type, tutored by Dashiell Hammett (director Woody Allen) and Edmund Wilson (Pat McCormick), while Stalin (Jerry Stiller) collectivizes the Ukraine." If you still think Fran Lebowitz is the *ne plus ultra* of Eighties urban humor, read *Partners* and change your mind.

TERRY TEACHOUT

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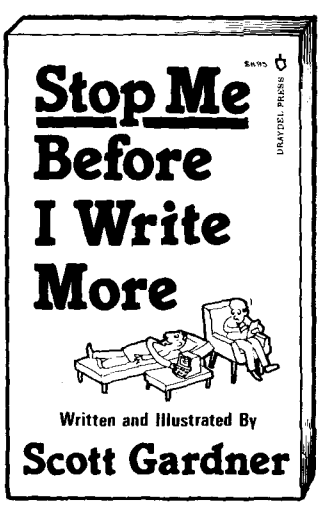
In the process of solving these and many other problems, Gardner unavoidably tweaked a lot of noses, some of which belonged to the Welfare State, NASA, Big Government, the Arabs, the Russians, Wall Street, the Publishing business, the Human Potential Movement, psychiatrists, the IRS, and just about everyone else, himself included.

Feathers were ruffled, egos were bruised. Suddenly one of the largest publishers in the country threatened to sue Gardner for two million dollars. New York City slapped a consumer protection violation on his book—sight unseen. And a New York financial weekly tried to besmirch his reputation with a defamatory article. It seems a few people didn't like his solutions.

But a lot of people did. "I'm very impressed with Gardner's writing," Jack Douglas; "Gardner's viewpoints cause deep thinking, laughing and sympathy," The Murray Hill News; "This is one swell book," Dayton Allen; "Scott Gardner's talent is evident," Playgirl Magazine. Order your copy today and share one man's hilarious vision of a problem-free world.



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WHAT DID WE EXPECT FROM BOTHA?

NEW YORK, AUG. 23

PRESIDENT BOTHA of South Africa is incontestably right in saying in effect that he was not elected leader of his government in order to preside over the liquidation of the South Africa he was elected to govern. Critics are perfectly free to contend that his election does not suit our political criteria. But if you admit that his government does not do so, it hardly makes sense to criticize him for proceeding on the basis of his (misbegotten) criteria. If you criticize somebody for being mean to his mother, don't be surprised if he goes on to be mean to his mother.

I was in South Africa for the first time in 1962, and it happened that our guide was the son-in-law of Mr. Verwoerd, the then prime minister. The young guide, much taken by the doctrine of apartheid, was—surprisingly—very critical of American racial practices, by which he meant Jim Crow in the South, and the systematic attempts, by Americans, to deprive what we then called Negroes of the vote. "I just don't understand it," he said. "What excuse do you people have? You outnumber the Negroes by ten to one. Our problem is entirely different. They outnumber us by six to one."

We need to understand that white South Africans see their society as one that would not survive one man, one vote. And Mr. Botha, one concludes if one opens one's eyes to democratic practice on the continent, is entirely correct in opposing what years ago, as the evolution of African democracy proceeded, was cynically—and realistically—described as one man, one vote, once. One man, one vote is a fanatical abstraction of self-government that not even the United States tolerates institutionally. In the United States Senate the state of Rhode Island exercises equal power with the states of California and New York.

Mr. Botha says vague things about entering into negotiation with leaders of other South African groups, giving hope to the hopeful that there will be progress made, of sorts. But Botha recognizes that when opposition reaches the high pitch of the present day, those who emerge with the most forceful constituencies aren't the Bishop Muzorewas of the situation, but the Robert Mugabes. The Shah of Iran did a lot of foolish things in the course of his reign, but nothing more foolish than to deal charitably with the opposition at a moment when Iran was lurching toward the Ayatollah.

We have a perfect symbol of the problem in the matter of Nelson Mandela. He is the principal leader of the outlawed African National Congress and has spent the past twenty years in jail. President Botha, in response to pleas for amnesty, has offered to release him from jail in exchange for a promise to forswear violence. The kind of thing Botha has in mind was articulated in a broadcast beamed at South Africa by the African National Congress from Ethiopia last May. "Ambushes must be prepared for policemen and soldiers . . . with the aim of capturing weapons from them. Our people must also manufacture homemade bombs and petrol bombs with material that can be locally obtained. In addition, our people must also buy weapons where possible. After arming themselves in this manner, our people must begin to identify collaborators and enemy agents and deal with them. Those collaborators who are serving in the community councils must be dealt with. Informers, policemen, special-branch police, and army personnel living and working among our people must be eliminated." That is the party of Nelson Mandela. Where Mandela belongs, in his current frame of mind, is precisely where he is: in jail.

WE SHOULD, every now and then, draw back a bit and ask ourselves the question: What are we doing, trying to fine-tune the evolution of South African domestic policies? A few hundred miles from us on a little island a couple of weeks ago we had a one-man/one-vote democratic exercise, and what do you know, Baby Doc got 99 per cent of the vote. Could anyone care less? They are all black. If Baby Doc were white, Senator Kennedy would have led an expeditionary force of volunteers to liberate his black subjects. Is history really going to look upon the United States as the master architect of freedom and justice for other people? The entire continent of Africa is near a state of decomposition, and anyone who maintains that such countries as Ethiopia and Uganda and the Central African Republic and Algeria and Mozambique are better off than they were in colonial days is an ideologue, in whose hands history is unsafe, even as history was unsafe when we held the trump cards and disposed of the future of Cambodia, and Laos, and South Vietnam, and Poland, East Germany, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Hungary. □

HIROSHIMA AND ALL THAT

NEW YORK, AUG. 16

ONE OF those 279 programs during the Hiroshima orgy over the weekend featured an elderly scientist of noble mien who was saying in the quiet, dignified accents of the finally enlightened that when, as a young scientist, he was involved in the Manhattan Project, he lost sight of the ethical dimension of it all, so caught up was he, and his colleagues, in the scientific excitement. All of this done as if he were talking about how, as a young boy, he was caught up in the general excitement of the Hitler Youth League. The audience was left to conclude that to the extent we fail to follow in this pilgrim's ethical footsteps, we continue to linger in the swamps of ethical primitivism.

Fifty-five million people were killed in the Second World War, 300,000 of them as the result of nuclear explosions. That's approximately one-half of 1 per cent, if it is statistics one gets one's fixes from. And, to carry it forward, it is worth focusing on this: that estimates of the number of Japanese who would have been killed as the result of an American invasion of the islands of Japan start well above 300,000, and stretch up beyond two million. That is before we begin counting the number of Americans who would have been killed returning to the Japanese the favors begun at Pearl Harbor.

There was much pacifist tendentiousness in the television coverage of the fortieth anniversary, though nothing of course on the scale of what was done in the Soviet Union. Ashen-faced Soviet journalists of the kind who appear on the Ted Koppel

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show were there to explain to us, and to the rest of the world, that the atom bomb was not needed to bring the war against Japan to an end. The reason Harry Truman dropped the bomb, they explain, is that he wished to start up the cold war and to intimidate the peace-loving Communists in Russia. The Soviet Union began World War II by making a pact with Adolf Hitler, and ended it by declaring war against Japan a matter of days before Japan's surrender. And now the sons of Harry Truman are hectored on morality by the sons of Stalin.

All of which is not to say that Hiroshima was less than it was: the introduction of a new, and perhaps a final, dimension of warfare. Even with the primitive technology of the Hiroshima bomb, Japan would have ceased to exist, for all intents and purposes, if it had defied us and if we had manufactured and dropped another dozen bombs. Now it is estimated that the world's nuclear inventory adds up to eight hundred million times the explosive force of the Hiroshima bomb. A single bomb dropped over Boston, one commentator advised us, would result in 700,000 dead, a like number wounded, the consumption of the entire nation's blood supply in a single day, and hospitalization (all of this assuming there were no logistical problem) that would use up every bed of every hospital on the North and South American continents.

The figures appall, and at the same time they anaesthetize. Given the accelerating tempo of warfare beginning with the Boer War at the turn of the century, the prospects for peace seemed gloomy indeed: particularly in a century so very much addicted to ideology, and dominated by the greatest curse in human history, Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism. Ten million dead in World War I, 55 million a mere twenty years later. It has hardly been, since VJ-Day, an irenic season: There were Korea, Vietnam, and one hundred other military engagements here and there, to say nothing of politically inspired deaths: the equivalent of the great Religious Wars. Introducing what conclusion?

That Winston Churchill may have been correct when, in 1949 at MIT, he hinted that the advent of the atomic bomb might prove to be the most beneficent development in history, precisely because it will make war intolerable. But of course the corollary of an intolerable war is a war governments will avoid by acting in certain ways, and refraining from acting in certain other ways. A government need not fear a nuclear bomb whose delivery is automatically ruled out. The evolution of the nuclear weapon as a peace-making weapon absolutely requires that it should survive as an instrument of terror.

That wasn't the idea in most people's minds who recalled Hiroshima, but who did not recall the forces that led to the killing of the other 55 million who died during that terrible war. □

THE 'PEPSKI' CRUSADE

NEW YORK, AUG. 26

MR. LOWELL PONTE, who is roving science editor for the *Reader's Digest*, has organized a group that calls itself "People against 'Pepski,'" a valiant effort to vernacularize the organization's purpose. It is to mobilize a national boycott of Pepsi-Cola on the grounds that the company is striving diligently to increase production in the Soviet Union, from the current level of $200 million per year to double that figure by 1990. Mr. Ponte could of course adduce any number of reasons why we should have moral qualms about trading with the Soviet Union, but he elects in his fliers to point to just one, by way of synecdoche. Recently the Soviets have taken to dropping from airplanes, in resistance areas in Afghanistan, brightly colored toys. Children pick these up, and guess what happens. Right. They explode, leaving the children without hands.

Mr. Ponte takes the position that in trading with the Soviet Union we are, however indirectly, involved in blowing up the hands of Afghan children. Those who tell us that the joiner-work in that logic is just a little too attenuated to stand up will have a problem telling us how it is that we are responsible for apartheid in South Africa to the extent that we trade there. He points to the wonderful example of Geraldine Ferraro. You will remember her as the lady who went from promoting the Democratic national platform, to promoting Pepsi-Cola, unquestionably a higher pursuit. She was accosted last May about Pepsi-Cola, the complaint of the questioner being that Pepsi had a plant in South Africa. "I'm glad you asked me that question," Mrs. Ferraro said, because I have news for you, which is that Pepsi is going to sell its plant in South Africa. If it weren't for this, you can bet your bottom dollar that I would have nothing to do with Pepsi-Cola . . . So that we had here the same person requiring disinvestment in South Africa, and tacitly encouraging vigorous expansion of activity in the Soviet Union.

But of course the hypocrisy is obvious, and we owe it to those who engage in it to try to understand their position. To make out the best case we can for them, the rationale would be something like this:

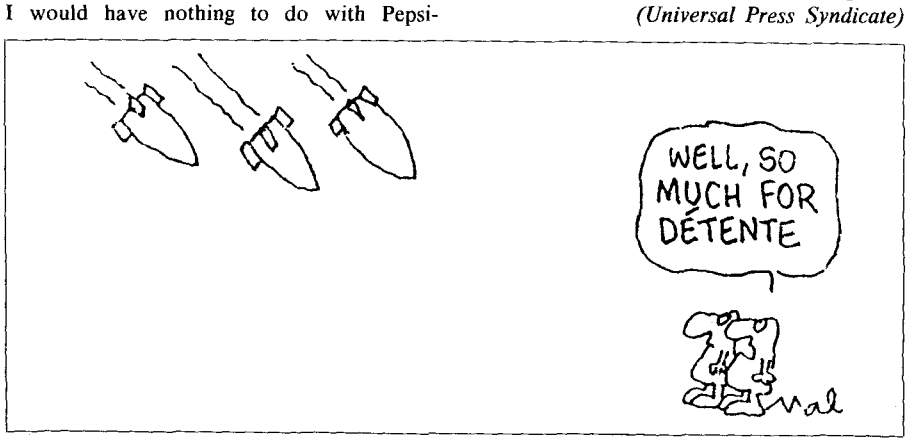
Look (they'd say), the fact of it is that there isn't anything we can do about what the Soviet Union practices. Unless we wage a nuclear war, which we aren't about to wage, what can we do about Afghanistan? For that matter, what can we do about martial law in Poland? For that matter, what can we do about the persecution of the Jews inside the Soviet Union?

Now South Africa is just plain different, for one very simple reason: South Africa is a country run by five million whites, and five million whites aren't much of a problem, if you add up all the pressure that can be exerted by a couple of hundred million Americans, a like number of Europeans, and a like number of Russians. The 15-year-old who takes on the 13-year-old bully is guided by both idealism and prudence. The 15-year-old who takes on a 15-year-old bully is taking on something he can't handle, and what exactly is the point of doing that? But just because you don't take on the brawny equal doesn't mean you should suspend your idealistic instincts by ignoring the puny 13-year-old bully. So beat him up.

In fact, the arguments here are not trivial. You do not suspend your obligation to cope with minor problems by merely reciting your inability to cope with major problems. Still Mr. Ponte's organization has some appeal. Harry Truman confessed that he "liked old Joe" Stalin, a remark that must have struck the ten million residents of Gulag in the same way that the six million transient visitors to the liquidation camps would have been struck if Churchill had said, "I like old Adolf."

People against "Pepski" are trying to tell us that even if we can't cope with Stalin's successors, we have some obligation to continue to remind ourselves what we are doing. And what we are not doing. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)



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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

A Philadelphia [Inquirer] *Editorial on MOVE*

To keep the whole tragic affair in perspective, it must be remembered that it came about because MOVE had created intolerable conditions in a West Philadelphia neighborhood. If blame is to be assessed, MOVE must be at the top of the list.

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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

PROPOSED SOCIAL DISCUSSION GROUP. *National Review* subscribers only. Cincinnati area. NR Box 4151.

ATTRACTIVE BLACK WOMAN, 40s, bookish, edits black conservative publication, enjoys music and conversation, seeks similar male. Write NR Box 4147.

SEMI-RETIRED LONG ISLAND executive, widower, 56, 5'10", 140 lbs., square, likes classical and country music, reading, and children, needs caring younger woman who can be happy as a homemaker. Write NR Box 4145.

LESS-THAN-MATURE man, 31, with humanist outlook desires friendship with patient outdoor working woman with similar view. Interests: travel, scuba, writing. Write NR Box 4146.

WASHINGTON, D.C. Nice Irish Catholic girl, pretty, good company, 5'4", 125 lbs., 30, enjoys foreign travel, reading, good conversation, the Kennedy Center and Folger, golfing (badly). Suspects that intelligent, kind, dark, handsome, never-married, practicing-Catholic, non-smoking men exist in D.C., and would welcome letters and photos from same. Sense of humor, traditional values essential. Write NR Box 4148.

WORKING WIDOW in Tampa area wishes to meet Christian professional man, 55-65. Interests include politics, classical music, genealogy, theater. Write NR Box 4140.

SUCCESSFUL WOMAN EXECUTIVE, 42, well educated, widely traveled, cultural enthusiast, slender, classic features, wishes to meet Christian businessman of attainment, 40+. Write NR Box 4133.

TALL SOUTHERN PROFESSOR, 45, gentle, non-smoking, considered handsome, divorced father, appreciates Rachmaninoff, Will, athletics, wishes to meet very tall, very lovely, secure, relocatable lady, 30-45, without young children, for possible life together. Recent photo. Write NR Box 4135.

ST. LOUIS MAN, 26, attractive conservative college grad, would-be politician, seeks young lady of similar background and interests. Write NR Box 4123.

LESS-THAN-PERFECT Midwest gentleman interested in communicating with less-than-perfect females. Interests varied: politics, writing, travel. Write NR Box 4105.

SINGLE NYC MAN, 38, loyal, idealistic, hard-working (M.D.), yet playful and nice-looking, with strong interest in literature and movies, seeks woman counterpart for best friendship, then marriage. Write NR Box 4087.

OHIO MAN, 36, strongly right-to-life, loves languages, games, hiking, volunteerism; non-churchgoer. Dislikes TV, music, cosmetics. Seeks non-smoking, non-drinking woman; race, religion, age unimportant. Give your views on abortion. Write NR Box 4129.

NYC ATTORNEY, 35, Catholic, 6'4", never married, handsome; enjoys travel, politics, swimming, conversation, adventure. Seeks attractive female, 22-32, with traditional values. Photo. Write NR Box 4125.

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Your vote doesn't count for much here — 1 6 41 106 117 135 60 92 74 22

B. Grow stronger — 30 118 52 13 113 71 134 148 158

C. Type of wooden screen — 8 102 131 150 123 111 40

D. What you pay when you just don't care (2 words) — 146 66 95 149 2 14 85 110 78 173

E. Cold-sounding country — 39 172 99 64 121 88 20

F. Military pose — 151 130 137 107 51 17 42 160 91

G. A branch of pedagogics — 94 5 126 45 147 49 84 163 58 136 27

H. Short and plump (hyph.) — 87 165 57 33 69 144 7 133

I. Applications — 70 154 15 82

J. Tell the cat to scat — 166 72 31 120

K. Descriptive of Plain Jane — 125 138 26 54 96 73

L. Partner for cause — 109 11 76 62 35 156

M. Give formal sanction — 36 155 67 10 169 104

N. Confer — 139 90 43 55 168 65

O. In the end — 81 159 44 77 152 3 116 23 63 98

P. Rabble — 108 171 25 75 143 46 12 122

Q. Catch sight of —especially for Blackford Oakes — 93 32 164 141

R. Withdrawn — 18 145 97 50 170

S. Like Dorian Gray — 128 103 37 124 79 59 114

T. Colorful Louisianan — 161 56 127 140 16

U. Made ready to sail — 132 28 53 83 100 9

V. Cell-division stage — 162 19 112 153 68 142 38 86

W. Cheated on one's spouse twice? (hyph.) — 119 105 24 167 48 89 115 29

X. Winter hazard — 101 34 21 61 129 47 80 4 157

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 56 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 A	2 D	■	3 O	4 X	5 G	■	6 A	7 H	8 C	■	9 U	10 M	11 L	12 P	13 B	14 D
15 I	16 T	17 F	■	18 R	19 V	20 E	■	21 X	22 A	23 O	■	24 W	25 P	■	26 K	27 G
■	28 U	29 W	30 B	31 J	32 Q	33 H	34 X	35 L	36 M	37 S	38 V	39 E	40 C	41 A	■	42 F
43 N	■	44 O	45 G	46 P	47 X	■	48 W	■	49 G	50 R	51 F	52 B	■	53 U	54 K	55 N
■	56 T	57 H	58 G	59 S	60 A	■	61 X	62 L	63 O	64 E	■	65 N	66 D	67 M	68 V	■
69 H	70 I	71 B	72 J	73 K	■	74 A	75 P	76 L	77 O	78 D	79 S	80 X	81 O	82 I	■	83 U
84 G	85 D	86 V	87 H	88 E	89 W	90 N	91 F	92 A	■	93 Q	94 G	95 D	96 K	97 R	98 O	99 E
100U	101X	■	102C	103S	104M	105W	106A	107F	108P	109L	■	110D	■	111C	112V	113B
■	114S	115W	116O	■	117A	118B	119W	120J	■	121E	■	122P	123C	124S	125K	126G
■	127T	128S	129X	130F	■	131C	132U	133H	134B	135A	136G	■	137F	138K	■	139N
140T	141Q	■	142V	■	143P	144H	145R	146D	■	147G	148B	■	149D	150C	151F	152O
153V	154I	■	155M	156L	■	157X	158B	■	159O	160F	161T	162V	163G	■	164Q	165H
166J	167W	■	168N	169M	170R	171P	172E	173D	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■

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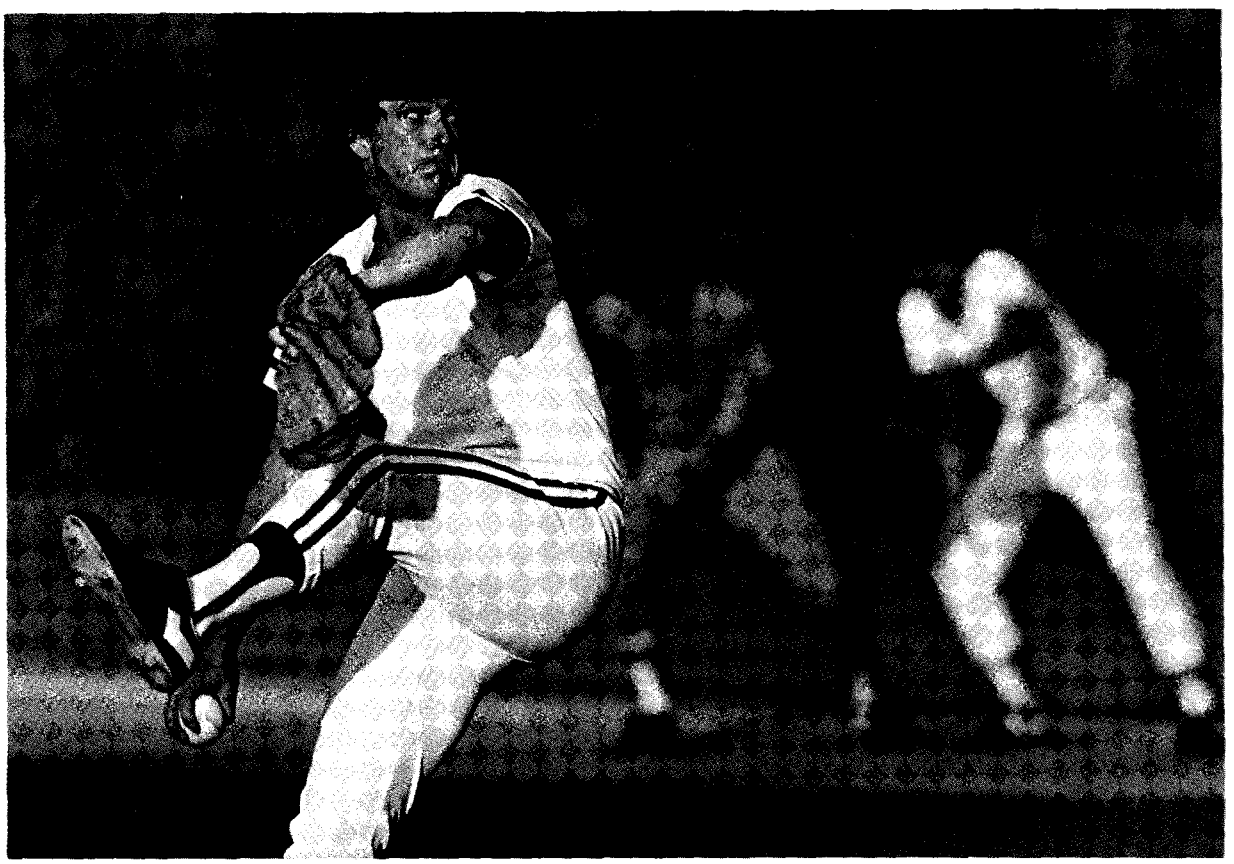

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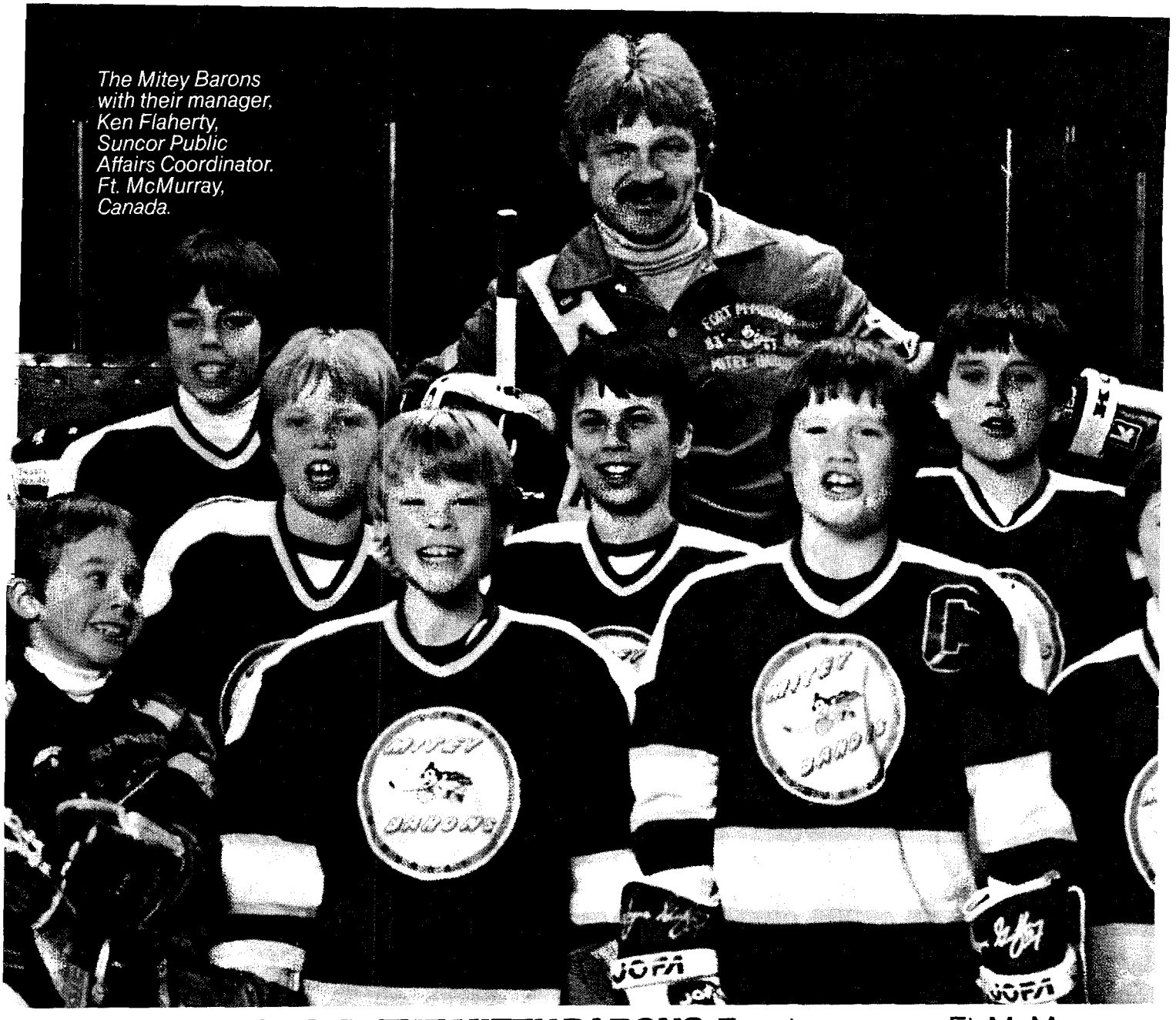

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